



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HYMNS AND VERSES

HENRY DOWNTON

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

53

54

55

56

57

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

72

73

74

75

76

77

78

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

98

99

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

130

131

132

133

134

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

144

145

146

147

148

149

150

151

152

153

154

155

156

157

158

159

160

161

162

163

164

165

166

167

168

169

170

171

172

173

174

175

176

177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

200

201

202

203

204

205

206

207

208

209

210

211

212

213

214

215

216

217

218

219

220

221

222

223

224

225

226

227

228

229

230

231

232

233

234

235

236

237

238

239

240

241

242

243

244

245

246

247

248

249

250

251

252

253

254

255

256

257

258

259

260

HYMNS AND VERSES



HYMNS AND VERSES

ORIGINAL and TRANSLATED

By HENRY DOWNTON, M.A.

RECTOR OF HOPTON, SUFFOLK, DIOCESE OF ELY

LATE ENGLISH CHAPLAIN AT GENEVA



HENRY S. KING & Co.

65 CORNHILL & 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

1873

147. g. 421.

(All rights reserved)



PREFACE.

FINDING THE FIRST HYMN in the following small volume placed prominently on the lists of Missionary hymns recently published by the two great Church Missionary Societies—the S. P. G. and the C. M. S., and others of the number included in many popular collections of hymns, notably in Lord Selborne's 'Book of Praise,' I have been encouraged to collect and publish the few efforts of this kind which I have made, not seldom at the request of friends, and for special occasions.

Among the translated hymns are included all I have been able to find of Alexandre Vinet's compositions of this nature, as well as one of Adolphe Monod's, the latter being the only hymn ever written by that celebrated preacher and excellent Christian.

Several of the sonnets, and many of the hymns and occasional verses, have appeared in the 'Sunday Magazine,' 'Good Words,' and other periodicals.

Having mentioned the honoured name of Lord Selborne, I would take this occasion of rendering to him a public acknowledgment of the kindness which has turned for me circumstances of trial, too notorious to require further allusion to them, into a subject of congratulation.

If in the retirement of a village Rectory I shall find heart and leisure to attempt something further in the way of hymn-writing, I shall owe, in great measure, to that distinguished hymnologist, under God, both the time and the encouragement.

H. D.

GENEVA : *February* 17, 1873.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
MISSIONARY AND OTHER HYMNS	1-47
HYMNS FROM THE FRENCH	51-79
SONNETS	81-90
OCCASIONAL VERSES	91-114



HYMNS AND VERSES.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

I.

LORD, her watch thy Church is keeping ;
When shall earth thy rule obey ?
When shall end the night of weeping ?
When shall break the promised day ?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil ;
Was it vain—thy Son's deep anguish ?
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?

Tidings sent to every creature
Millions yet have never heard :
Can they hear without a preacher ?
Lord Almighty, give the word !

Give the word ; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.

Then the end : thy Church completed,
All thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin :
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain :—
Lo ! her watch thy Church is keeping,
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign



II.

MORN hath dawned on Afric's night,
Wakened China yearns for light,
From his temple's tottering walls
Lo ! for truth the Brahmin calls.

Through a thousand opened doors
Loud the cry for succour pours :
Lord ! increase a thousand-fold
Labourers patient, wise, and bold.

In the shadow of thy hand
Hide each faithful mission band ;
In their dangers be Thou near ;
When they faint, support and cheer.

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Great Redeemer, God most high :
Prosperous in thy glory ride ;
Win the throne that shall abide.

With thy truth the nations bless ;
Sow the earth with righteousness ;
Be the warrior's banner furled ;
Love and meekness fill the world !



HYMN.

(Written for use at the Annual Prayer-meetings of the Society for
Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics.)

O FATHER, who hast showed us light,
Our Ebenezer here we raise,
And with one heart and voice unite
In one glad hymn of fervent praise.

Thou art our God, the Lord of lords ;
Accept our grateful sacrifice,
And bind us each by sacred cords
To that one Altar in the skies !

Great things for us thy hand hath done,
And yet for greater, Lord, we pray :
Extend the triumphs of thy Son,
And wider spread the Gospel day.

Thy richest grace on Erin shower,
So make her glorious, great, and free :
Save her at length from error's power,
And let her worship only Thee.

Grant us to wage the hallowed strife,
Refreshed with unction from above :
Still holding forth the Word of Life,
And speaking still the truth in love.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Now, from thy footstool and thy throne,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be thine the glory—thine alone !

1865.



OLD AND NEW YEAR.

I.

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear !

Lo ! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice ;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

Dark the future : let thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star :
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight ;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Hymns and Verses.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure
Keep us evermore thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings !



II.

HARP, awake ! tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise ;
Lute, awake ! awake our glory !
Join a thankful song to raise :
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten !

Lo ! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled ;
Lo ! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled :
In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above ;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love !

Gracious Saviour ! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What thy grace alone began :
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be thy warning whisper heard ;
Keep us at thy feet, and guide us
By thy Spirit and thy Word.

Let thy favour and thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin ;
Let us all, thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin :
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea ;
But, when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour, we will trust in Thee !



III.

ANOTHER year, another year,
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

But graven as with iron pen,
All-seeing God, thy records stand,
All thoughts, and words, and deeds of men,
Unnumbered as the ocean sand.

For all thy grace, and patient love,
Unwearied still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joys above,
We laud and bless thy holy Name.

We bless Thee for each happy soul
Throughout another fleeting year,
Or by thy quickening grace made whole,
Or parted in thy faith and fear.

Still bear with us, and bless us still,
And long as in this world we stay,
Oh let us love thy perfect will,
And keep the true and living way.

So, when the rolling stream of time
Hath opened to a boundless sea,
Loud shall we raise that song sublime—
All honour, glory, praise to Thee !



HYMN.

‘ I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem.’—REV. xxi. 2.

WHEN from far thy towers shall shine,
 Zion, clad in light divine ;
 When shall break the morning bright
 Of the day that hath not night :—
 Shall mine eyes thy walls behold,
 Gates of pearl, and streets of gold ?

At each portal keepeth ward,
 Evermore, an angel guard ;
 Can my soul his dread glance bear,
 When I claim to enter there?—
 Shall my feet be found in thee,
 Glorious city of the free ?

Needs no candle there, nor sun ;
 Shines in Thee the Holy One ;
 While with heart and harp and voice
 At his throne his saints rejoice :—

Shall my weak and faltering tongue
Join the everlasting song ?

Lamb of God ! my ransomed soul
In thy book of life enroll ;
Thy new name to me reveal ;
On my forehead print thy seal ;—
So thy glory shall I see,
And in Zion dwell with Thee



HYMN.

‘ I will sing of mercy and judgment.’—PSALM ci. i.

My song shall be of mercy ;
 To Thee, O Lord, I sing,
 Who all my life hast hid me
 Beneath thy sheltering wing :
 Who still, in love so patient,
 This mortal journey through,
 Hast followed me with goodness,
 And blessings ever new.

My song shall be of judgment ;
 All-wise and holy God,
 Thou makest all thy children
 To pass beneath thy rod :
 Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest
 And oh, my soul shall tell
 That in thy fiercest anger
 Thou doest all things well.

Hymns and Verses.

My song shall be of mercy ;
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust his faithful word,
Tell out his works with gladness,
With me exalt his name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.

My song shall be of judgment ;
Ye, who his chastenings feel,
Oh, faint not, nor be weary ;
He wounds that He may heal :
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all his ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.

Of mercy and of judgment
To Thee, O Lord, we sing,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O great eternal King :
For only Thou art holy,
For Thou art Lord alone,
And mercy still, and judgment,
Are pillars of thy throne.

HYMN.

‘Ascribe ye strength unto God.’—PSALM lxviii. 34.

ONCE Thou hast spoken, Lord,
 From thine eternal throne ;
 Twice we have heard the word,
 That strength is thine alone :
 Angels thy might adore,
 Who in thy strength excel ;
 And babes show forth thy power,
 And shame the strength of hell.

Who shall control my will?
 The proud blasphemer cries :
 But lo ! his heart is still,
 At thy rebuke he dies.
 Those lips that never prayed
 Were fashioned by thy hand ;
 His every pulse obeyed,
 Almighty ! thy command.

Our only God Thou art ;
Our strength is all of Thee :
Uphold each fainting heart ;
Confirm each feeble knee.
What though the young men faint ?
Thou heedest every call ;
The waiting wrestling saint,
Though weary, shall not fall.

Thou hast ordained our might ;
Our strength is as our days :
In sorrow's darkest night
Thou givest songs of praise :
For duty's roughest path
With brass our feet are shod ;
Nor heed we Satan's wrath,
Secure from thine, O God !

Deep unto deep doth call,
The waterfloods arise ;
But Thou art over all,
Thy throne is in the skies :
The floods lift up their voice
But from the Rock we sing,
And in thy strength rejoice,
O Christ, our God and King !

HYMN.

‘Praying in the Holy Ghost.’—JUDE 20.

HOLY SPIRIT ! help my prayer :
 Then, if Thou my heart prepare,
 To a groan or silent tear
 God will bend a gracious ear.

Holy Spirit ! in me plead :
 Then, while Thou shalt intercede,
 God shall search my heart, and find
 Thoughts according with his mind.

Thou hast bidden me to pray ;
 Pray Thou in me night and day :
 Now spring up, O Well, in me ;
 Deep, and full, and constant be.

Living Water ! from me flow :
 Fire of love ! within me glow :

Blessed Unction, Earnest, Seal,
Teach me, comfort, guide, and heal !

More and more the veil remove
From the face of Him I love,
Till I see Him on his throne,
Till I know as I am known.



HYMN.

‘Thou art near, O Lord!’—PSALM cxix. 151.

LORD! to thy grace the glory be,
That not in guilty fear,
But with the love which yearns to see,
We know that Thou art near.

Yea, Lord, for God with us Thou art
In Jesus Christ thy Son,
And by the Spirit in our heart
With Thee thy Church is one.

And Thou art near us in our bliss,
And near in all our woe ;
Our strength for toil and conflict this,
Our shield from every foe.

And Thou art near to come, O Lord ;
Draws on the glorious day,
The scoffer's scoff confirms thy word,
Thou wilt not long delay.

Lord Jesus, speed the promised hour,
The veil which hides Thee, rend ;
And in the triumph of thy power
With trump and shout descend.

Untrembling then O grant us grace
The archangel's voice to hear,
Undazzled to behold thy face
In cloudless glory near.



LIGHT AND LOVE.

O THOU, whose well-beloved Son
Himself a spotless offering gave,
With his own arm the victory won,
And died, our souls from death to save :

As Christ hath loved us, grant us grace
Thine acceptable will to prove,
In filial fear to seek thy face,
And, as thy children, walk in love !

Father of lights ! beneath thy frown
The unfruitful works of darkness lie,
While on thine own Thou pourest down
Gifts good and perfect from on high :

O let thy Spirit's glorious ray
Scatter the shades of nature's night,
And waiting still for brighter day,
Let us, thy children, walk in light !

Awake the slumbering, raise the dead,
Show forth thy wonders from above,
Till through the gladdened world be spread
The glories of thy light and love !



FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THIS is my body, take, and eat :
So spake the Son of God :
He blessed the sacred cup, and said,
 Drink ye of this my blood ;
And oft as of this cup ye drink,
 And break the hallowed bread,
Remember Me,—my body rent,
 My blood for sinners shed.

How solemn was that holy hour !
 The calm of heavenly peace
Fell sweetly on their troubled souls,
 And bade their sorrows cease :
While He, who gave that blessed balm
 To soothe his followers' grief,
He was exceeding sorrowful,
 And knew of no relief.

We meet, fulfilling thy command,
O Thou that once wast slain ;
Meet to record thy dying love
Thou that art risen again :
O melt our hearts to thankfulness,
And raise them unto Thee,
That when Thou shalt in glory come
We may be found in Thee !



*FIRST COMMUNION.*¹

‘Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, Thou art
the guide of my youth?’—JER. iii. 4.

WILL I not?—ah, gracious Lord,
Thyself must give the will ;
Wilt Thou not thy help afford,
And rule within me still ?
Lord, I would, I would be thine ;
Pour on me thy Spirit’s grace,
Leaning on thy love divine,
Behold ! I seek thy face.

‘From this time?’—yes, I will come
While it is called to-day ;
Take the gift—my life’s young bloom ;
Thy good hand on me lay :

¹ Written for the Catechumens confirmed by the Bishop Suffragan of Dover at the English Church of the Holy Trinity, Geneva, in July, 1871.

Holy One, I cry to thee,
Be Thou of my youth the guide ;
Be my God ; my Father be ;
And keep me at thy side.

At thy table when I kneel,
And first those pledges share,
Give me so thy love to feel
That joy may root me there !
Let me come, and come again ;
Let me not go back from Thee :
Saviour, thine I would remain,
Here, and eternally !



THE PRAYER OF THE SOWER.

‘Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after
many days.’—ECCL. xi. 1.

DAY by day, and year by year,
Late and early, far and near,
At thy bidding, O my Lord,
I have sown thy precious word.

Give the increase ; let me know
Thou hast chosen me to sow ;
Bid me come with joy again,
Bringing sheaves of ripened grain.

For the earnest Thou hast given,
For souls garnered safe in heaven,
Lord, I praise Thee, and I pray
There to meet them in that day.

In some hearts if hid there lie
Good seed, slow to fructify,
This thy power can quicken still,
And the reaper's bosom fill.

Long millenniums wheat hath lain
Idle, then hath lived again ;
Bread upon the waters cast—
Shall it not be found at last ?

Cheer thy servant's heart, O Lord ;
Give large blessing on thy word ;
Multiply the scattered seed,
Then shall I rejoice indeed.

But, if this I may not see,
Lo ! my work is yet with Thee ;
And my day of joy shall come
In the final harvest-home !



CONFLICT.

‘ I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.’—JOHN xiv. 6.

O THOU, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 Saviour of all who come to Thee,
 Have pity on my spirit's strife,
 And succour me !

I know Thou art the only way
 To pardon, holiness, and Heaven ;
 I am in sin's dark wilds astray,
 With sorrow riven.

Thou art the Truth : sure is thy word,
 Nor can thy plighted promise fail ;
 Yet in my heart distrust, O Lord,
 And fear prevail.

Thou art the Life : ev'n as the wind,
 Thy Holy Spirit's quickening breath
 Blows where He lists ; my earthly mind
 Is bound in death.

O stay my wanderings ; do not leave
My soul in hell ; thy Spirit give ;
Thy truth O teach me to believe,
And let me live.

Jesus ! the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Saviour of all that trust in Thee,
Have pity on my spirit's strife,
And succour me !

1840.



GUIDANCE.

‘Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord ; for he shall pluck my feet
out of the net.’—PSALM xxv. 15.

Good Shepherd ! am I not thy sheep ?
Do I not love thy way ?
Oh keep thy word, my feet to keep,
And guide me lest I stray.

Strong enemies my path beset,
And would my heart appal ;
They dig the pit, and spread the net,
And watch to see me fall.

Good Lord, mine eyes are unto Thee,
My steps shall be thy care ;
I have no refuge where to flee,
But Thou art everywhere.

Rejoice not, then, O wary foe !
On weakness rests his might :
From blackest cloud best shines the bow ;
In darkness breaks the light.

‘ Yea, though He slay me, I will trust ! ’
Well sang that saint of old ;
His humbled face he bowed in dust,
And then came forth as gold.

O grace ! through pain or shame to tread
The path my Saviour trod ;
O bliss ! that hand upon my head—
The good hand of my God !



DELIVERANCE.

‘ I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy : for thou hast considered
my trouble ; thou hast known my soul in adversities.’

PSALM xxxi. 7.

My thankful heart to Thee, O God,
Its humble tribute pays,
Adores Thee for thy chastening rod,
Thy guiding staff obeys.

The bitterness of death is past :
Throughout the gloomy vale
Thy truth and mercy held me fast,
And sin could not prevail.

The waves were wild, and dark the night,
But still thy voice was near,
And often gleamed a heavenly light,
My fainting hope to cheer.

And when around me roared the flame,
It only set me free
From galling bands of sin, there came
No smell of fire on me.

All night thy love hath been my stay,
And now the morn is nigh ;
O keep me, Saviour, all the day
Beneath thy watchful eye.

On Thee my every care I roll :
I give myself to be
For ever, body, spirit, soul,
A sacrifice to Thee.

1847.



*HYMN.*¹

WHEN on Horeb's mountain lonely
 Stood, O Lord, thy chosen seer,
Wind and earthquake witnessed only,
 With the fire, that Thou wert near.
In the hush and calm unbroken
 Came thy voice all still and small,
And thy Prophet knew the token,
 And obeyed the thrilling call.

So with solemn awe and wonder
 Smote our hearts the crash of war ;
Shook our land the echoed thunder
 From those Eastern hills afar :
Now for peace our land rejoices,
 On her wounds Thou pourest balm,
And with happy, thankful voices,
 Lord, we bless Thee for the calm.

¹ Written for the openings of the Parochial Schools, Brompton, Kent ; the schools having been erected as a memorial of the peace, 1856.

Be thy voice, O God our Saviour,
Now, as erst in Horeb, heard ;
On these walls oh shine with favour,
Here dispense thy living word :
Here the little children gather ;
Shed thy grace on young and old ;
Hear us, Teacher, Shepherd, Father,
Feed thy flock, and guard thy fold !



FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL COLLECTION.

‘ Feed my lambs. ’

HAST Thou bidden, gracious Lord,
That thy lambs shall nurtured be ?
Lo ! thy servants, at thy word,
Bring the little ones to Thee.

Oft we bring them in our prayer,
And to-day, in ordered throng,
Saviour, to thy love and care
We commend them in our song.

Through their hour of tender youth
We would lead them in thy way,
Teach them, from thy word of truth,
To believe and to obey.

Not to all the sacred task
Of instruction is assigned ;
On our gifts thy smile we ask,
Grant us all the willing mind.

Thine the silver and the gold ;
Thine the patience, time, and skill ;
Every talent let us hold
From Thee, Lord, and for Thee still.

Only pour thy Spirit down ;
Root and ground us in thy love ;
Aid us, and our labours crown :
Bring us to thy rest above.



FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

LORD, thy sun is shining o'er us,
Thine the grass beneath our feet,
Thee to bless in happy chorus
It is right, and it is meet.
Bless us, great and gracious Saviour ;
Let thy peace within us rule ;
Spread the banner of thy favour
O'er our gathered Sunday-school !

Right and meet are holy praises,
Everywhere, at every time ;
Where each glorious angel raises
At thy throne his song sublime ;
Where thine earthly congregation
Lifts the Sabbath strain on high ;
Meet and right our adoration
Here beneath the open sky.

From the world's unhallowed revels,
From the Sabbath-breaker's joy,
From the fellowship of devils,
Save each Christian girl and boy :
Teach us that true love and pleasure
To the' ungodly cannot be ;
Teach us that enduring treasure
Hath its only source in Thee



HYMN.

(Written for a Meeting in aid of the Sunday-School Society for
Ireland.)

UPLIFT the glorious banner,
Jehovah's mighty Name ;
Tell out salvation's story,
The word of peace proclaim :
Not carnal are our weapons ;
In faith and hope we fight
For love, and peace, and order,
And God defend the right !

Defend our happy England
From papal plot and wile ;
And shed thy light and favour
On Erin's troubled isle :
Support us in the warfare,
And make the wars to cease,
O Thou, the God of battles,
O Thou, the Prince of peace !

We thank Thee for the tidings
Of thousands disenthralled ;
We pray Thee, keep them faithful,
Unmoved, and unappalled ;
Strong in the strength of Jesus,
And patient unto blood,
And evil still o'ercoming
With blessing, and with good.

The little children gather,
Good Shepherd, with thine arm,
And in thy bosom carry,
And shelter them from harm :
Thy lambs we fain would cherish,
Oh prosper the design,
And ours shall be the blessing,
And all the glory thine !

HYMN

For the National Thanksgiving, February 27, 1872.

KING of kings, and Lord of lords,
From thy footstool to thy throne,
Lo ! we lift, with joyful chords,
Glory to thy Name alone.

One in heart, in sorrow one,
Late we brought the trembling prayer :
' Bless our Queen, and heal her son ;
Spare him, Lord, in mercy spare ! '

One in heart, and one in joy,
Now our hymn of thanks we raise ;
Let no jarring note alloy
From our lips this song of praise.

Father ! we have seen thy hand,
We have felt thy tender grace ;
Rich thy favour to our land,
Gratefully we seek thy face :

While to-day, with sacred mirth,
Makes our Queen her offering meet,
And in sight of all the earth
Lays her sceptre at thy feet.

Save the Queen, and bless her son :
Hear us, Lord, on Thee we call ;
In true concord make us one,
Heal, and bless, and save us all.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From thy footstool and thy throne,
From us men, and Heaven's glad host,
Glory be to Thee alone !



A SONG OF THE NATIVITY.

UNTO us a Child is born,
 Unto us a Son is given :
 Child—the mark of human scorn ;
 Son—the heir of earth and heaven.
 Son of God ; a human child ;
 GOD WITH US his wondrous name,
 Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Yet ordained to death and shame !

Oh that by a worthy song
 We might echo back the strain,
 Erst that greeted, loud and long,
 Bethlehem's astonished plain !
 Might the manger-cradled King
 With the shepherd-watch behold,
 And with star-led sages bring
 Frankincense, and myrrh, and gold !

Lo ! the heathen rage in vain,
And in troubled pride they say :
‘ Let us break their bands in twain,
Let us cast their cords away ! ’
Hark ! ’tis Ramah’s bitter cry,
Yet the Virgin clasps her Son ;
And a thousand babes on high
Have the life of bliss begun.

Yea, of bliss ; but not to Thee
Was such ending, Babe Divine !
Thou another death must see,
Deeper sorrows shall be thine :
Thou, in words and works of peace,
Must await the’ appointed hour ;
Wondrous words of truth and grace,
Glorious works of love and power.

Great Redeemer, Thou hast died ;
Thou hast wrought the work sublime
And the words have echoed wide
To the farthest bounds of time—
‘ It is finished ! ’—finished long
Is thy great Redemption-plan ;
And we bless Thee in our song,
Lord of angels, Son of Man !

WONDERFUL thy name we call ;
COUNSELLOR, to Thee we bow ;
MIGHTY GOD, the Lord of all,
FATHER EVERLASTING—Thou :
PRINCE OF PEACE,—thy steadfast throne
Strong in judgment stands for aye :
Every land thy right shall own,
All thy sceptre shall obey.

Unto us a Child is born :
Unto us a Son is given :
Not a weeping child forlorn ;
Not a son with sorrow riven :
God Himself shall give the sign ;
Not a babe in manger-bed :
Lo ! a King on throne divine :
Hark ! a blast to wake the dead.

Saw ye not a gleaming light ?
'Twas the Bright and Morning Star :
Heard ye sounds athwart the night ?
'Twas the Judge—his nearing car.
Yea, and far the night is spent ;
Soon shall break the' eternal day :
Light is with the darkness blent,
And the shadows flee away.

Saviour ! by thy Spirit's beam
On our spirits' darkness shine ;
Waken us from worldly dream ;
Make us glad with joy divine :
Glad and strong : through shame and scorn
Singing on our way to heaven :—
Unto us a Child is born ;
Unto us a Son is given !



HYMNS FROM THE FRENCH.

*HYMNS.**(From the French of Alexandre Vinet.)*

I.

 'Sous ton voile d'ignominie.'

BENEATH thy veil of shame and scorn,
 Beneath thy crown of woven thorn,
 Lo ! on my ravished spirit shine,
 Saviour, thy glories all divine !
 The gory mist which shrouds thy face
 Would hide its beauty's matchless grace,—
 In vain : unquenched the blessed light
 Breaks from the cloud, and fills my sight.

Not when in heaven's own glory blest,
 And bosomed calm in heaven's own rest,
 More radiant shone thy deathless brow,
 Or more celestial, Lord, than now :

Never, in beauty's own abode,
Thy beauty so divinely glowed,
As while in thought I see Thee climb,
Great Victim, Calvary's height sublime !

O ye, who fill your endless days
With ceaseless acts of prayer and praise,
Who love the Father in the Son,
Who Son with Father praise as one,
Ye angels, say,—did He appear
More glorious even in glory's sphere
Than while, upon the' accursed tree,
He drained the cup of wrath for me ?

His passion crowned, as on this day,
The greatness He had worn for aye :
The path of shame the Man hath trod
Is glory to the Son of God !
Declared the Father—' Love am I,'
And Jesus Christ hath made reply,
To earth descending from above,
' His Son am I, and I am Love !'

Yea, He is Love ; true God confest :
God by whom we of God are blest :

Our God unveiled, our Shield, our Sun,
God by whom man with God is one.
Where, then, hath glory shone more bright
Than when on Calvary's awful height
Jesus for me the wine-press trod,
Himself my Brother and my God ?

Of all things first and best is love,
The glory of that world above ;
Love shines alone—the crowning gem
In great Immanuel's diadem :
Avaunt, thou vision false and low
Of earthly greatness, pomp, and show !
For here on earth, as there on high,
Is nothing great but Charity.

Immortal Love ! thy right I own :
Well hath my mind thy grandeur known :
And have I yet in thee no part ?
O come, and fill, and change my heart !
Thou, of the soul the light and joy,
Enduring bliss, which cannot cloy,
Dwell in this heart, which claims thy power,
And bloom for God, a changeless flower !

O let my eyes, thou Friend Divine,
By day, by night, still fixed on thine,
Drink sweetly thence Love's gentle stream,
Reflecting Love's reviving beam.
So blend thy life with mine alway ;
Pour into mine thine heart for aye :
Bend to thy sway my captive will,
And with thyself my spirit fill !



II

‘ Dans l’abîme de misère. ’

To the far abyss of woe,
Where in death’s embrace I lay,
Lord, thy mercy, stooping low,
Brought a gleam of blessed day :
At thy voice my vision cleared ;
And before my wondering view
Depths unknown of love appeared :
I was dead : I lived anew.

But my life so weak I mourn ;
And, until this hour, I prove
In my faith all newly born
More of self-reproach than love.
Humbling memories of the past
Fill my mind, and haunt me yet ;
On myself my thoughts I cast,
And my gracious God forget.

Father ! not our fear alone,
More our love dost Thou require ;
Loving subjects round thy throne
Lift by love thy glory higher.
Who Thee loves not, O my God,
In thy heaven shall never shine ;
He 'neath rebel feet hath trod
Heaven's own law of love divine !

Higher than our thoughts can think,
Lord, thy hand hath stretched the skies :
Lo ! again in flames they sink,
And new worlds unnumbered rise.
Yet these all, in bright array,
Loveless, mindless, as they roll,
Shall not, for thy glory, weigh
With one sigh from one true soul !

Spirit of my God ! inspire
With that sigh this breast of mine ;
Light in me thy cleansing fire,
Me from dross of earth refine.
So with love my spirit rife
Still shall cry, and shall not cease :—
Lord, to love Thee—this is life :
Give me life, O God of peace !

III.

‘ Pourquoi reprendre

WHY take away,
 O Father, say,
 The gift thy tender love had given ?
 Why give at all,
 If Thou recall
 At once the treasured boon to Heaven ?
 Speak, gracious Lord ! thy ways my heart appal,
 My heart so weak, with sorrow riven !

Thou speakest, Lord ;
 And as a sword
 The piercings of thy voice I hear ;
 And in clear tones
 My conscience owns
 The justice of thy stroke severe :
 Myself Thou seekest : in thy darkest frowns
 The pleadings of thy love appear.

¹ Written in 1838, after the death of his daughter.

The same art Thou ;
Whether Thou sow,
Or watchful come thy fruits to reap :
To bless my store
Or make me poor,
In equal love Thou workest deep :
Startling my soul with righteous chastening sore
When careless on thy care I sleep.

Our living Head
Himself 'was dead ;'
We follow Him, and we must die :
Death? nay, 'tis birth,
Even here on earth
To lay the rags of nature by,
And one with Christ, and dead to sin, go forth
New-clad in light and liberty.

To babblings vain
Of lips profane,
To vaunted light which is not thine,
To any life
With thine at strife
Now let me die, O King Divine !
Faithful thy wounds, though keen the pruning-knife,
By them new life and health are mine.

To cleanse my soul,
To make it whole,
My Father, smite, and do not spare :
Doth gold require
Refining fire,
And shall not faith the furnace share ?
Thy strokes, which dash to shreds my heart's desire,
Divine Soul-sculptor, I will bear !

Then take thy way !
It might not stay,
That boon thy tender love had given :
All-wise in all !
Though Thou recall
Thy gift, 'tis love my heart hath riven.
No longer thy dark ways my heart appal,
I read them in the light of Heaven.



IV.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

‘Toi qui dans l’exil de la vie.’

THOU who, from glory self-exiled,
Didst come to earth our hope to be,
And, holy, harmless, undefiled,
Our souls by death from death to free ;
Thou who beneath thy wing dost hide
Thine own, and on thy bosom bind,
O Conqueror of human pride,
Go forth and conquer all mankind.

How shall not we the lost ones mourn,
How not their wandering steps bemoan,
Who from those paths of death forlorn
Have but so lately snatched our own ?
And we, whom tenderest love has freed,
And brought securely to the fold,
Have we no pitying tears to shed
That love neglected to behold ?

Whoe'er the dreadful vengeance knew
Thy wrath to such despite decrees,
Before Thee, holy Lord and true,
Would pass his life on bended knees :
And who but knew thy tenderness
For those thine anger might consume,
Long at their knees his suit would press
To love Thee and escape their doom !

If of our tears no heed they take,
Thou, gracious Lord, wilt on them look,
Wilt heed them for thy mercy's sake,
And note our labours in thy book :
We weep, for must Thou not reveal
Thy wrath to those who spurn thy grace ?
We toil, to melt those hearts of steel
Which dare provoke Thee to thy face.

Answer thy Church, which waiting cries :
No longer, Lord, thine aid delay :
Bid the long-promised dawn arise,
The glories of that crowning day :
The harvest whitens : give the word,
And great the herald-host shall be,
And wide the joyful sound be heard,
In every land, o'er every sea.

This earth, besprinkled with thy blood,
Great Victim, is it not thine own?
Appear, rejected Lamb of God,
Appear, and take thy rightful throne :
King, Brother, Tower, our all art Thou,
In life and death ; our Master here,
Our Judge, when Thou thy heavens shalt bow
In that great day of wrath and fear.

Our hearts, O Lord, which seek thy face,
With faith refine, with zeal inflame :
We would for Thee ourselves abase,
And only glory in thy name :
And while we preach thy love, and thus
Would heathen to thy Gospel draw,
Thyself, O Father, unto us
Who know thy goodness, preach thy law !

Oh, if the world so slowly fall
Before Thee, ours is all the blame ;
How should our tinkling cymbal call
Guests to the marriage of the Lamb?
Ah ! change to acts our words so vain,
No more our prayers be breath alone :
Lord ! make us Christians ; then shall wane
And cease the gods of wood and stone.

V.

‘O Désiré de la terre.’

THOU, of earth desired, adored,
Joy and glory of the skies,
Thou, my Brother, Saviour, Lord,
Lo ! I bend before thine eyes :
O that mild yet awful mien !
Grace commanding, yet serene !
Of thy gifts the triple dower,
Light, hope, peace, upon me shower.

Long have I my feeble sight
Strained, and nothing met my view ;
Long my mind hath yearned for light,
Fathomed all, yet nothing knew :
O the blessings thus foregone !
Fleeting lights in vain that shone !
Useless griefs which failed to bless !
Draughts of deadly happiness !

Say, my soul, but now forlorn,
 Whence is come this calm to thee?
Say, my mind, with searching worn,
 How so clearly dost thou see?
All my doubts, behold, they cease!
Sinks the storm to deepest peace!
O strange mystery of love!
Grace my highest thoughts above!

Greater than all names that are,
 JESUS is our Saviour's name:
Gulfs to fill, which severed far
 God from sinners, Jesus came!
To my tongue that name how dear,
Melting hardness, calming fear;
Name to make the rebel mourn,
And remorse to sorrow turn!

Heart divine! my comfort be;
 Be my refuge in the strife;
From the tempest shelter me;
 Be at death my better life!
See my wound, how deep and sore;
Heal me,—heal ten thousand more;
Yea, o'er all this world of woe
Bid thy boundless mercy flow!

VI.

'Roi des anges.'

KING divine !
 Song of mine
 Can it reach thy Heaven and Thee?
 And wilt Thou
 Stoop so low
 That thy love shall visit me?
 Deeps profound !
 Who shall sound,
 Without faith, their mystery?

Could my prayer,
 Father ! dare,
 All so weak, to rise to Thee,
 But that Thou
 Deign'st to bow
 In thy tender love to me?
 Love untold !
 Humbly bold,
 Faith adores the mystery.

From the' abyss
Up to bliss,
High to God's eternal throne,
Mounts my prayer,—
Waiting there,
Waiting on his grace alone.
Saviour dear !
Bend thine ear ;
Of my faith the tribute own.

Lord of all !
Hear my call,
For Thyself, Thyself, I cry :
Art Thou near ?
Nought I fear ;
Art Thou absent ? then I die.
Helper mine,
King divine,
In me reign eternally !



VII.

‘ O Seigneur, ô Sauveur ! que nos lèvres te louent ! ’

O SAVIOUR ! while thy name our accents bless,
 Grant with our praises that our works agree ;
 Lest while our lips, not hearts, thy truth confess,
 Our sweetest songs be vain and dead for Thee !

Born to this end, to serve was thy delight ;
 To serve is still the seal which marks thine own ;
 Who little works, loves little : in thy sight
 He hath not faith, whose faith abides alone.

What ! Lord, shall I thy promised grace receive,
 Then graceless from thine easy yoke withdraw ?
 In hope to taste thy bounteous gifts believe,
 And then, rebellious, set at nought thy law ?

Expired it with my Lord on Calvary's brow—
 Love pure and deep, the solace of despair ?
 Ah ! no ; love there had birth, and now for woe,
 As for hid treasure, searches everywhere.

What griefs, wants, dangers, for my succour call !

What brothers, friends, God to my love makes known !

What works to found, or strengthen lest they fall !

Up !—labour !—ease is for the' ingrate alone !



*HYMN.**(From the French of Jean Frédéric Oberlin.)*

‘ De quoi t’alarmes-tu, mon cœur ? ’

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul ?

Uplift thee, and be strong :

Thy care upon thy Maker roll ;

Thy sadness doth Him wrong.

Beneath his eye

Thy goings lie :

The God who rules above

His child doth know and love.

Come, gaze on yonder vaulted sky :

Say, can thy glance embrace

The worlds wherewith the Lord most high

Hath sown the fields of space ?

Though skill of thine

And strength combine,

Yet never shall thy hand

Create one grain of sand.

Thy Helper is the Lord of all,
He marks thy lightest sigh :
A thousand means, at his high call,
For thy defence are nigh :
Safe in his care
No storm shall bear
One hair from off thy head,
Though nature quails in dread.

Thou formedst man of earthly mould,
Almighty ! by thy power ;
Not Solomon, in gems and gold,
Could match thy simplest flower :
Thy single word
Sufficed, O Lord,
To fill heaven's boundless sphere ;
And lo ! I faint and fear.

The worlds which run their course on high,
This blossom sweet and fair,
The stars in voiceless harmony,
Yon leaflet falling there,—
Shall these obey
One law, one sway,
And I aside be thrown,
The sport of chance alone ?

Then with thy cares, my soul, have done ;
Thy grief beclouds thy view :
How shall not He who gave his Son
Give food and raiment too ?
The life is more
Than roof and store :
No fear lest thou his child
Be from his care exiled !

Long as I live, my hand in thine,
I to thy side will cling,
For life is gain, O Guide divine,
While safe beneath thy wing.
Lo ! all is well :
Each ill shall tell
For blessing, moulded still
By thy controlling will.

If Thou give ear when I aspire,
I'll praise thy tenderness ;
And if Thou cross my heart's desire,
I will thy wisdom bless :
All-gracious One,
Thy will be done !
Thy love I know, I see ;
And I can trust in Thee !

And when thy solemn call I hear,
And yield my latest sigh,
Then, O my Father, draw Thou near,
And give me grace to die !
So while at rest
Upon thy breast
My spirit Thou shalt keep,
My dust in hope shall sleep.



*HYMN.**(From the French of Adolphe Monod.)*

‘Que ne puis-je, ô mon Dieu.’

GOD of my health ! I would thy praise proclaim,
 And tell to earth and heaven thy wondrous Name,
 Declare the transports of my thankful breast,
 And say to all the world that I am blest !

Blest—when I hear Thee speak, and when that word
 Which said, ‘ Let there be light,’ within me heard,
 Stoops to instruct me, calms my spirit’s strife,
 And guides my footsteps in the path of life.

Blest—when I speak to Thee, and though but dust,
 Lift to thy throne my worship and my trust,
 With freedom to my Father, as a child ;
 With trembling to my God, as sin-defiled.

Blest—when thy day, which saw from Chaos' womb
Thy work come forth, thy First-born from the tomb,
Gathers within thy courts the' adoring throng,
Our zeal's weak flame rekindling, bright and strong !

Blest—when, beneath thy strokes, my faithful God,
Smitten in love, in love I kiss the rod :
Weeping, but waiting thy returning smile,
And near the Cross, and for a little while.

Blest—when, assaulted by the tempter's power,
The Cross my armour, and the Lamb my tower,
Kneeling I triumph—issuing from the fray
A bleeding conqueror—my life a prey !

Blest—ever blest ! my Brother, He who died ;
His Father mine ; his Spirit still my Guide :
What can earth give ? what can hell take away,
When God and heaven are mine, are mine for aye ?



HYMN.

(From the French of Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.)

' Je veux célébrer ta victoire.'

JESUS ! I thy triumph sing,
 Who my soul hast saved and owned ;
 Man of sorrows ! mighty King !
 Scorned of men, in glory throned,
 Thou thy people hast redeemed ;
 Thou the Judge of all shalt be :
 From the Prince immortal streamed,
 Earth ! the blood which flowed o'er thee.

Sing, O Zion, Church beloved,
 Whom the Lord to Jesus gave ;
 On the' eternal Rock unmoved,
 Thou the gates of hell shalt brave !
 Where are they thy hope shall dim ?
 God Himself thy buckler stands ;
 Jesus lives, and thou with Him ;
 None shall pluck thee from his hands.

Yes, Thou livest, Saviour dear !
What were else my life to me ?
Traces of thy steps were clear
There where Mary wept for Thee !
Sad at heart, oppressed with fears,
Wondering sat thy chosen few,
Till thy blessing chased their tears,
As thy sun the morning dew !

Yes ! they saw Thee, saw their God,
Who didst them for brethren claim ;
' Christ is risen ! ' they sound abroad,
Heralds of thy saving Name.
To the scourge their backs they yield,
Yield their bosoms to the sword,
And with blood their word is sealed,
That Thou art their living Lord !

So, my Life, Thou art alive !
Frowns no longer death for me,
Scoffs the scoffer, and would drive
My rejoicing soul from Thee :
But thy promise cannot fail,
Faithful Lord, enthroned on high ;
And e'en now the dawn I hail
Of thine own eternity.

*HYMN.**(From the French of M. Edmond Scherer.)*

‘ Je suis à toi.’

LORD, I am thine, all glory to thy Name ;
 I to thy law my life, myself resign :
 Of right Thou dost my love, my worship claim,
 And I am thine !

In paths of doubt I wandered lost of yore,
 When lo ! upon my path Thou deign’dst to shine :
 Once was my heart a void, and death in store,
 Now I am thine !

The world erewhile enchained my captive soul,
 But now I dwell beneath thy rule divine :
 Sweet is thy yoke ; on Thee my cares I roll,
 For I am thine !

Me to receive with welcome to thy heart
Thine arms outstretched and looks of love combine :
O Lord, I come ; I choose that better part,
Thine, wholly thine !

Possessing Thee, I am of all possest,
And 'tis by faith this happy lot is mine :
Upon thy bosom, Lord, in peace I rest,
Thine, only thine !

None from thy book of life shall blot my name,
No tempter from thy paths my steps incline ;
'Tis death, 'tis life, thy piercing glance of flame,
But I am thine !

While on this earth I sojourn by thy will,
My Saviour and my God, that will be mine,
Till safe in heaven I bless thy mercy still,
For ever thine !



HYMN.

(From the French of Adrien Boissier.)

‘Seigneur ! du sein de la poussière.’

My God ! though cleaving to the dust,
My soul cries out for Thee ;
Oh come, confirm my humble trust,
And dwell Thyself in me.

No shadow now can give me peace,
No image, fading still :
Me with the substance of thy grace,
Thyself, thy Spirit, fill !

Oh ! long, too long, thy face I seek,
In breathings weak and cold ;
Now speaking, I would hear Thee speak,
Would touch Thee, and behold !

Now would I burn, but with thy fire,
Now with thy light would shine,
Would with Thyself my soul inspire,
And love with love divine.

Henceforth to me this blessing give,
This only needful thing—
In Thee, by Thee, for Thee to live,
Who art my God and King.

Yet how, if sins my heart defile,
Can I be one with Thee?
Lord, Thou art pure, and I am vile,
And righteous Thou must be.

Jesus, behold ! I plead thy blood,
Thou hast the ransom given ;
Oh fill my heart, blest Lamb of God,
With love, and peace, and heaven !



SONNETS.



I.

‘He that believeth shall not make haste.’—Is. xxviii. 16.

WHEN great desires are pending, when his mind
 Hangs trembling, now in hope, and now in dread,
 How weak the worldling, to the future blind,
 And in the present restless ! Passion-led,
 He hastes to grasp a phantom, and 'tis fled !
 O blessed faith in God, which stays the soul,
 And plants as on a rock the unshaken tread,
 Though floods of joy or sorrow round us roll.
 O blessed trust ! though some dear hope be high,
 He that believeth hath a hope yet dearer :
 And what if disappointment's blast be nigh ?
 The' Almighty arm whereon we rest is nearer.
 Believer ! wait in hope, and thou shalt see
 How all alike is working good for thee.

II.

TO AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.

‘We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.’

ACTS xiv. 22.

WE know it, yet we marvel : if the cloud
Hung never o'er our road, then should we start,
And dread the very sunshine, and our heart
Would shrink from its own joy, and ask aloud—
Is this the path whereby the martyred crowd
Passed on to glory? walked our Saviour here?
Where is the tribulation? where appear
His footprints, 'neath the bitter cross who bowed?
Thus joy would be our grief; and shall not grief,
O mourner, be our joy, if thus we prove
That 'this our light affliction'—light and brief—
Is but the token of a Father's love?
MUCH TRIBULATION : doth thy Father's voice
Thus mark thy road? O trembling heart, rejoice !

III.

TRUST.

I HAVE no rule, O Saviour, but thy will ;
I have no chart but thine unerring Word ;
I have no guide but thy clear whisper, heard
Above, behind, around, within me still !
I cannot trust my reason ; questions fill
My mind, if e'er I seek to walk alone :
I cannot trust my heart ; 'tis only known
To Thee, who searchest all its depths of ill :
I cannot trust my fellows ; weak like me,
They have no strength or skill which is not thine :
Lo ! in thy light, O Lord, true light I see :
Behold ! I lean on thy dear arm divine !
All my fresh springs, Redeemer, are in Thee,
And so life, love, joy, peace, and Heaven are mine !

IV.

DISCIPLINE.

If this short life were all, sad would it be
From our most loved ones still to dwell apart,
Month after month to have the aching heart
Yearning in vain for closer sympathy.
Were there no Heaven, how terrible to see
The friends we cherish failing one by one,
And, weeping o'er our dearest treasures gone,
To await in fear the death we cannot flee.
But 'tis not so, sweet friend, it is not so :
The heart aches only that it may be pure :
There is a Heaven, and if we mourn below,
'Tis that our heavenly portion may be sure :
If friends depart, they leave us but to show
Our feet the way to pleasures that endure.

Nice, 1845.



V.

BIRTHDAY SONNET.

(To the Rev. W. C.)

ALL blessings on thy life's new-opening year,
Herald of God's own truth ! 'mid babblings vain
Of misnamed science, and the scoffs profane
Of folly, hold thy course, nor faint, nor fear !
Thine is the gift to know how deep and clear
The living waters run, and thou hast heard
The still small voice that from the living Word
Breathes ever, for the blessed ears which hear.
Courage and patience ! yet a little while,
And men, who know not that they do not know,
Shall learn, how glorious and how rare a thing
Was faith, content with God's approving smile ;
Faith—waiting His appearing, who shall show
His truth true wisdom, and Himself true King.

Cambridge, March 2, 1849.

VI.

TO M. E.

(Written on the Mont Salève, near Geneva.)

BEFORE the everlasting mountains stood,
As thou, dear child, to-day hast seen them stand,
Where sovran Blanc uplifts to many a land
His kingly brow, our God was—great and good :
And He shall be, when mountain, vale, and flood
Have perished at his word of high command ;
When, at the signal of his awful Hand,
The sun shall darkness be, the moon as blood.
But art thou his indeed ? hear then his voice,
Wafted ev'n now from yon perpetual hills ;
Guard it in memory's chambers, and rejoice,
When pressed hereafter by life's transient ills :
' The mountains shall depart, the hills remove,
But thee no change shall sever from my love ! '

February, 1863.

VII.

'A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.'

WINTER EVENING.

I HAD bright flowers : through all the tardy Spring
I watched and watered them ; at length they grew
By Summer fervours gaily, and they threw
Rich odours round them, and 'twas joy to bring
Their gathered groups a daily offering
To friends beloved, or bid them bear the dew
To fevered lips, and o'er the pallid hue
Of sickness morning's roseate glory fling.
For such sweet charities they were glad to die :
But Autumn came, and now lo ! Winter lowers,
And frosts and storms ; but courage, gentle flowers
I have a friend that loves ye, and her eye
And hand are skilled your beauties to portray :
Come, tempests,—here are flowers ye cannot slay !

VIII.

(Written at the close of the Seven-Days' War, 1866.)

'Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.'

THE grand old adage—is it out of date?
Or does it but to private men belong?
Are statesmen privileged, or kings, in wrong?
Does lawless violence not degrade a state?
Answer, ye kings, with pride and joy elate!
Ye statesmen, by successful rapine strong!
Ye peoples, answer, who God's temples throng,
And for crime prospered, and triumphant hate,
Blaspheme Him with Te Deums! O be sure,
Not sin but righteousness exalts a land:
Say ye, the purpose of high God shall stand?
Yet were they 'wicked hands' which slew his Son:
Nor shall the 'All-Ruler count the nations pure
Whose evil ways his destined work have done!

IX.

(1)

SYMPATHY.

My heart will ask : Lo ! while these thousands die
In awful strife, and tens of thousands more,
On battle-field outstretched, in anguish sore
Lie moaning ; while the orphan's wailing cry,
And widow's, far and wide are heard,—oh ! why
In life's untroubled paths to me is given
Beneath the quiet light of yon blue heaven
My peaceful round of daily work to ply ?
But answer comes to me : Each hath his part
In this tremendous woe ; the burdened heart
Bears of the mighty load no trivial part ;
Keen sorrow prompts the agonizing prayer :
' How long, great God, dost Thou not sheathe thy sword ?
O now again give peace on earth, O Lord ! '

Geneva, September 7, 1870.

X.

(2)

REALISING.

I SAID—‘*these* thousands,’ for though far away
The tide of battle rolls, yet Fancy’s ear
Is filled, as if the bloody strife were here !
Upon the inward eye the deadly fray
Flashes ; while all around me, all the day,
Swift fingers fashion help the wounds to heal
Each hour created, by the reeking steel,
Or strange hail-belching cannon swift to slay !
O mystery of ill ! the battle o’er
The slayer mourns the slain, and foe from foe,
Wondering, receives a brother’s tender care,
Joining with failing breath his whispered prayer !
O madness of the nations ! senseless woe !
O vial of God’s destined judgment sore !

September . 1870.

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

*BIRD OF JOY.*

(Commemorative of an interesting coincidence in a cemetery.)

BIRD OF JOY ! why art thou lingering here,
In the place of weeping ?

Bird of morn ! why rings thy carol clear
Where the dead are sleeping ?

■ Bird of summer ! cannot winter's cold
Chill thy bosom's gladness ?

Cannot mourners' tears, that wet the mould,
Touch thy heart with sadness ?

Thus I wondered in myself to see
Mirth and sorrow meeting,
As a lark uprose, and carolled free,
Bleak November greeting,

Where a widowed husband, silent tears
In fresh anguish pouring,
Wept the while his loss of other years,
A sweet child deploring.

Hither when we brought the sleeping dust
Of that gentle maiden,
Ev'n while earth received her solemn trust,
And from hearts o'erladen
Broke the stifled sob,—lo ! near the side
Of the grave, upspringing,
Rose a lark, and soared, and far and wide
Filled the air with singing.

Bird of joy ! and thou art true to-day
To the blessed token ;
Mother with the child to rest we lay
Sad, but not heart-broken ;
Out of drear November we have heard
Promise more than vernal ;
Visions thou hast brought us, happy bird,
Of the day eternal !

TO M. A. McN. M.

(Nine years old.)

DEAR child of many a prayer !
 Frail nursling of fond love !
How oft 'mid fear and care
 Thy name hath risen above !
Still was the prayer preferred—
 Health for thy wasting frame :
And still the prayer was heard,
 And the healing angel came.

And here thou art to-day,
 In strength and health and glee ;
And gladsome hearts have they
 Who have oft been sad for thee.
They bless thy fair young brow,
 And with thankful spirits raise
Not sighs of anguish now,
 But the incense of sweet praise.

We hail thy natal morn !
With mingled hopes and fears,
We watch thee swiftly borne
Adown the tide of years :
Bright be thy life and long,
Thy spirit undefiled :
From care, and strife, and wrong,
God keep thee, gentle child !

Brighton, 1843.



TO THE SAME.

(Eighteen years old, residing for health at Ventnor, I. of W.)

ART thou lonely, gentle maiden ?
 When thou climb'st the breezy height
 Is it but to woo the breezes ?
 Is it not to strain the sight
 O'er the sea that from thee severs
 All thy spirit holds most dear ?
 O that Brighton cliffs were nearer !
 O that Brighton hearts were here !

Listen, maiden ! Once a stranger
 In that same fair isle I dwelt,
 And full-hearted oft, and weary,
 As thou feelest, so I felt :
 Yea, not seldom, sad and restless
 I have sought the rising hill,
 And (vain labour !) thought to conjure
 Brighton cliffs from Selsea Bill !

Nightingales were rife about me—
Brighton streets are void of song :
Myrtle bowers were breathing fragrance,
Brighton winds are keen and strong :
And I loved the warblers' music,
And as friends I loved the flowers ;
Wherefore yearned my heart to Brighton?
Why so slowly dragged the hours ?

Enviously I watched the fisher
As he launched his clumsy boat,
For it bore its prow to Brighton !
Gladly all the night afloat
Tossed upon the tumbling billows
I had braved the ocean's roar,
Watching still the dawn of morning
As it broke on Brighton's shore !

Maiden ! is thy heart as my heart ?
Doth it long for cherished friends ?
Listen : years have since departed,
And unchanged my bosom sends
Thoughts of tender love to Brighton
Over river, hill, and town ;
But beyond it wander often
Loving thoughts to Bembridge Down !

Yea, to Bembridge, peaceful village,
Stretching fair beneath the hill
Where I fondly strove to fashion
Brighton cliffs from Selsea Bill !
There the stranger, strange no longer,
Knows of hearts so dear and true,
That their throb of sweet affection
Time nor change shall e'er subdue.

Pleasant years have come and vanished,
I have wandered far and near,—
Roamed the plains of France, and clambered
With the Alpine mountaineer :
I have tracked each glorious river,
Rhone and Danube, Elbe and Rhine,
Heard the minstrel songs of Tyrol,
Seen the firefly dance and shine :

I have trod the fields of Erin,
Hapless Erin ! green and wild :
(Ah ! thou know'st how dear a treasure
I from Erin's shores beguiled !)
Dover's heights have been my dwelling,
I have haunted Granta's bowers,
Now I ply the Pastor's labours
'Neath the shade of Minster towers.

Maiden ! I have learnt the lesson
That this world is not our rest,
But the heart that loveth rightly
Yearneth to a Father's breast.
Earth,—it is a lonely island,
Where his sick ones gather strength :
Nurtured here to health and vigour,
He will take us home at length.

And the heart that loveth rightly
Climbs the mount of faith and prayer ;
And the eye that seeth truly
Sees not Heaven in earthly air :
We may love our island myrtles,
We may prize the warbled strain,
We may soothe our earthly sorrows,
Roving free o'er hill and plain :

But across Time's restless ocean,
Far beyond our farthest ken,
Where the mighty Saviour dwelleth,
Fairer than the sons of men :—
O the heart that loveth rightly
Hopes for scenes than earth more fair,
And the eye that seeth truly
Seeks its home and treasure there !

‘PATIENCE OF HOPE.’

‘Because I live, ye shall live also.’—ST. JOHN xiv. 19.

YEA, blessed Lord ! Thou art alive ;
 And life, and peace, and joy, and light,
 And liberty, and love, and might,
 And hope, and aid with ill to strive,—

All from thy death and glory flow :
 The wisdom of the little child,
 That, traversing the darkest wild,
 Is tranquil, fearing not to go

Wherever leads a Father’s hand :
 The grief that weeps for evil done,
 But chargeth it on man alone,
 Nor cares its deeps to understand :

The eye of faith, that looks for bliss,
Watching the still increasing light,
Nor dares to strain its feeble sight
In searching error's dark abyss :

The heart of love, whereby we know
Things to the proud heart unrevealed ;—
To pride thy book of love is sealed ;
To humble souls its pages glow

With gleams of Heaven ! O Saviour dear,
For ever in our dark hearts shine ;
Give wisdom ; hatred like to thine
Of sin ; give love, and childlike fear.

The many murmur, and depart ;
They cannot hear thy sayings true :
Thou Keeper of the chosen few,
Thou Dweller in the broken heart,

O never let us murmur so :
O bid us ever near Thee stay ;
For whither, if we go away,
Lord Jesus ! whither shall we go ?

*THE SILENT HOUR.*¹

‘None saith, “Where is God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?”’—JOB xxxv. 10.

Who has not felt the awful power
Of darkness and the silent hour?
Unseen the objects ranged around,
Unheard the very breathing’s sound,
The body’s sense of being gone,
The spirit lives alone—alone!

Yet not alone! for on my bed,
More deeply for that silence dread,
I feel thy presence, Lord, and prove
That ’tis in Thee I live and move:
And in the darkness I can sing:
’Tis but the shadow from thy wing.

¹ Written in sickness.

O ye, who say there is no God,
Have ye no darkness in your road?
Are there no watches in your night
Wherein ye quail, and yearn for light?
Ah! tell us truly, can ye dare
The silence, or the darkness bear?

Confess! with you 'tis oft, I ween,
As erst with some, in woodland scene,
When lo! because we missed our way,
As sank the beams of parting day,
'Where no fear was' they were afraid,—
Yea, trembled, and were sore dismayed!¹

And though ye say, We shall not see²
That fabled Judge, yet strong is he
To abase 'the pride of evil men';³
Too late to give Him glory then!
Therefore, ere come those moments dim,
(Tis his own bidding) trust in Him!

¹ The allusion is to a short mountain excursion, made some twelve years before in company with certain distinguished and enthusiastic followers of Auguste Comte, on a sweet summer evening, in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Geneva. The effect on them of sudden night-fall, where there was no shadow of danger, is not exaggerated.

² Job xxxv. 14.

³ Job xxxv. 12.



The Silent Hour.

103

O God our Maker, in the night
Thou givest songs, Thou sendest light :
By sorrow's smart our joys increase ;
The blood of sprinkling speaketh peace ;
Awake the harp ! awake the voice !
We trust Thee, Saviour, and rejoice !

February 12, 1871.



LITTLE ALICE.

BLESSINGS on my little Alice !
Be her heart a brimming chalice,
Full of love, and free of malice.

Through life's journey, glad or weeping ;
Toiling, resting ; waking, sleeping ;
God still have her in his keeping !

Jesu ! bless my little daughter ;
Wash her in the blood which bought her ;
Give her drink of living water.

With the bread eternal feed her ;
In the way of duty speed her ;
For thy Name's sake guide her, lead her.

Her may sin or Satan never
From thy side, O Saviour, sever,
Till she dwell with Thee for ever !

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

(A Sequel.)

'BLESSINGS on my little Alice !'
 Twelve long years ago
 Prayed I so her heart's full chalice
 Might with love o'erflow :
 Pray I still love's flame may flourish,
 Fed with oil divine ;
 That her life true Bread may nourish,
 And celestial Wine.

Is the maiden's pathway rougher
 Than the child's was then ?
 Calls thee Jesu's voice to suffer ?
 'Tis beneath his ken !
 To thy view have glimpses deeper
 Of life's evils come ?
 But thy Saviour is thy keeper :
 He will bring thee home !

Strength for daily need He giveth,
Peace in daily strife ;
Still to intercede He liveth—
Of thy life the Life !
Forward !—turn, with joy unfearing,
Life's new page to-day :
Be thy hope his glad appearing ;
He will bless thy way !

Geneva, November 19, 1872.



CHRIST TEACHING THE MULTITUDE.

(A Fragment.)

No ripple broke the lake's calm face, nor dashed
 With low continuous murmur on the shore :
 No softest breath in all the air around
 Disturbed the utter silence : far away
 The sea-bird flapped her wing, nor from on high
 Was heard the eagle's scream : meek nature stood
 In mute and solemn awe ; nor dared in one
 Of all her many voices to be heard,
 While her great Author, clothed in human form,
 And in frail bark upon the lake upborne,
 In words of wonder taught the attentive throng
 Gathered from many a city.

They had seen
 The glory of his power : his bounteous hand
 Upon their sick and dying all the day
 Had poured the gifts of healing. At his touch,
 They who at morn had risen and found no day

Received their sight, and now in thankful joy
Used first the gracious boon to gaze on him !
They on whose startled ear, this self-same hour,
First of all sounds, the words almighty rang—
‘ Be opened ! ’—still upon his accents dwell,
And their first lessons,—privilege how high—
Drink from the lips of wisdom.

Not as they
Who from their stores of treasured knowledge bring
Things new and old, oft mingling truth’s pure gold
With dark alloy of error,—not as these
Spake the great Teacher : clear, and calm, and deep,
And passionless, and mighty in the power
Of high authority, flowed on the tide
Of his pure teaching, bearing down the bars
By self-delusion and the hardening power
Of sin upreared : trembling, the strong man armed
Felt the foundations of his palace shake,
And quailed before the Stronger.

Redder light
Was streaming now from the departing sun,
That lingered ere he sank among the hills,
And rested for a while with fonder glow
On the still lake, and on the listening crowd,
And on his lowly form, from whose high word
He drew his primal being



PERVERSE DISPUTINGS.

‘Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.’—
 I TIM. iii. 9.

THEY talk of mystery and sin,
 But they forget the day
 When childhood's sight was clear and keen,
 And conscience free to play :

And they forget the terrors true
 That once would warn them back ;
 And how their feelings harder grew
 On error's downward track :

They harder grew ; till—dreaming still
 They see—lo ! seared and blind,
 They proudly prate of good and ill—
 Perverse in heart and mind !

*RAGGED SCHOOLS.*

(An Impromptu.)

HAPPY, though of noble line,
Ye who find your sweetest joys,
Not in song, and dance, and wine,
Not where jewelled beauties shine,
But with ragged girls and boys
In the crowded alley school !
What if yet they mock at rule,
And with wanton laugh and noise,
And with careless words and rude,
Patient care and love repay ?
Soon shall wondering gratitude
Teach the wildest to obey.
Nobles love us, they shall say :
Lo ! the rich, and wise, and great
Have foregone their ease and state
For the joy—to do us good !

A small, dark, horizontal, curved flourish or line at the bottom of the page.

Onward, Christians ! chiefly thou
Of the coroneted brow !¹
Walk according to this rule ;
And on you be peace from Him
At whose glance the stars are dim,
Yet who came—from glory came—
And, for all the toil and shame,
Taught a world-wide Ragged-school !

1855.

¹ These lines were read at a meeting (in aid of the Brook Ragged School, Chatham) presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury.



ADVICE TO BOYS.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys !
The liar's a coward and slave, boys :
 Though clever at ruses,
 And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys !
'Tis better than money and rank, boys :
 Still cleave to the right,
 Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys !
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys :
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys :
Be visible through and through, boys :
 Leave to others the shamming,
 The 'greening' and 'cramming' ;
In fun, and in earnest, be true, boys !



TO THE FLOWERS.

‘ One Spirit—His,
 Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
 Of his unrivalled pencil. *He inspires*
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues.’

WINTER WALK AT NOON.

O FLOWERS, but ye are wonderful !

I speak not of your dyes :

Not for your beauty now I cull

Your bright varieties :

’Tis at your scents I marvel more,

So manifold and true ;

More separate their fragrant store

Than hue distinct from hue.

Though in each kind the colour change,

One odour still is there ;

The tints through all the scale may range,

Each tint than each more fair :

But violet blue and violet white,
And lilac dark or pale,
The same sweet breath for our delight
With constant truth exhale.

The stock and wall-flower side by side
On garden-bed shall grow ;
From the same soil their sap supplied,
In the same air they blow ;
But whence that perfume all its own
Does each loved flower obtain ?
Scents, to my earliest childhood known,
Ye bring those hours again !

Sweet-pea, sweet-briar, and mignonette,
Words cannot tell your power
My thoughts in some dim scene to set,
In some far-distant hour,
Beyond the baffled memory's reach,
In life's just dawning day,
When not as yet I lisped in speech,
And heaven about me lay.¹

¹ 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'—WORDSWORTH.

Yet not your hue and form, methinks,
Thus in my heart remain ;
Your matchless odours are the links
Which weave the pleasing chain :
These take me back I know not where,
Revive the infant dream,
And wake the thought of climes more fair,
And light of purer beam.

And then I marvel not that He
Who made us, flowers and men,
Proclaimed that who his heaven would see
Must be as babes again ;
Must from the heights of pride return,
From self's and passion's sway,
And at his feet in meekness learn
To love Him and obey.

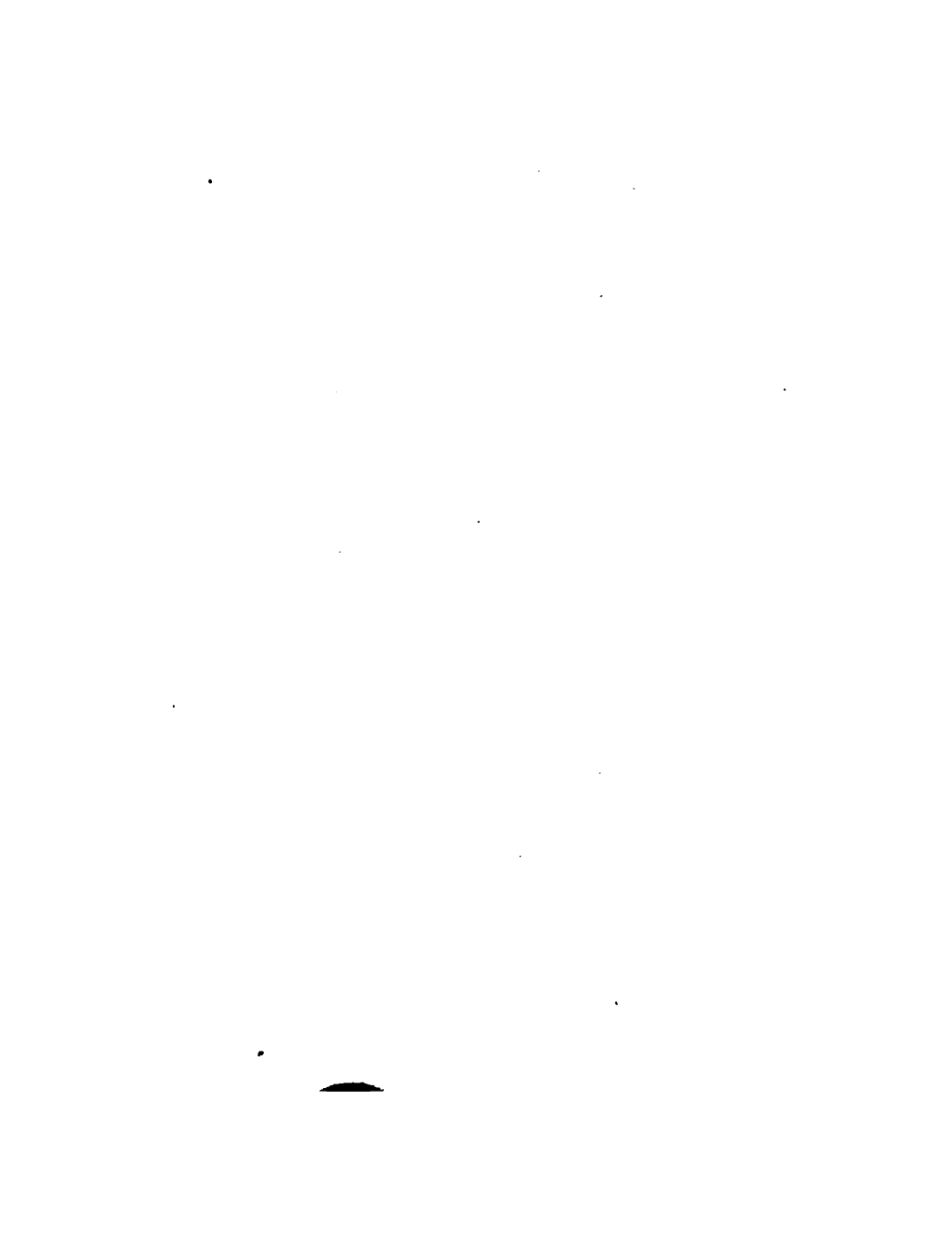
Awake, O North Wind ; come, thou South ;
And on my garden blow ;
Come, rain and dew, and break the drouth,
And bid the spices flow ;
And bring, O Sharon's Rose divine,
Thy peerless fragrance pure ;
Though sweets of all the earth were mine,
Thy royal right is sure !

'Relics of Eden !' types ye are
Of better things to come ;
Pledges of joys his hands prepare
For our eternal home :
Alas ! the reek of flame and death
Our earthly breezes fills ;
O for the air the blessed breathe
On yon celestial hills !

But we shall breathe it soon ; and while
We wait that crowning day,
Your fragrance shall our toil beguile,
Your beauty cheer our way ;
'Twas sweetly sung ¹—'We might have had
For every *want* of ours
Enough, enough,'—to make us glad
Our Father gave us flowers !

June, 1871.

¹ Mary Howitt.



A CATALOGUE
OF
HENRY S. KING & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

**SOME BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE
XVIITH CENTURY.** By W. D. CHRISTIE, C.B., Author of
"The Life of the First Earl of Shaftesbury."

**THE PORT OF REFUGE; or Counsel and
Aid to Shipmasters in Difficulty, Doubt, or Distress.** By MAN-
LEY HOPKINS, Author of "A Handbook of Average," "A
Manual of Insurance," &c. **SUBJECTS:**—The Shipmaster's Position
and Duties. Agents and Agency. Average. Bottomry, and other
Means of Raising Money. The Charter-Party, and Bill-of-Lading.
Stoppage in Transitu; and the Shipowner's Lien. Collision.

**THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES, or an
Artist in Cuba.** By WALTER GOODMAN. Crown 8vo.

WHY AM I A CHRISTIAN? Crown 8vo.

**THE ROMANTIC ANNALS OF A NAVAL
FAMILY.** By MRS. ARTHUR TRAHERNE. Crown 8vo.
10s. 6d.

**THE SUNNY and CLOUDY DAYS of MDME.
LA VICOMTESSE DE LEOVILLE-MEILHAN.** By LA
VICOMTESSE DE KERKADEC. Crown 8vo.

SHORT LECTURES ON THE LAND LAWS.
Delivered before the Working Men's College. By T. LEAN
WILKINSON. Crown 8vo. 2s. Limp cloth.

STUDIES AND ROMANCES. By H. SCHUTZ-
WILSON. 1 vol. Crown 8vo.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF IRELAND:

Primitive, Papal, and Protestant, including the Evangelical Missions, Catholic Agitations, and Church Progress of the last half century. By JAMES GODKIN, Author of "Ireland, her Churches," etc. 1 vol. 8vo.

MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF SARA COLERIDGE. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. With Portraits.**LOMBARD STREET.** A Description of the Money Market. By WALTER BAGEHOT. Large crown 8vo.**POLITICAL WOMEN.** By SUTHERLAND MENZIES. 2 vols. Post 8vo.**EGYPT AS IT IS.** By HERR HEINRICH STEPHAN, the German Postmaster-General. Crown 8vo. With a new Map of the Country.**IMPERIAL GERMANY.** By FREDERIC MARTIN. Author of "The Statesman's Year Book," &c.**THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEFENCE.** By JULES FAVRE. Demy 8vo. 1 vol.**'ILÂM ĒN NÂS.** Historical Tales and Anecdotes of the Times of the Early Khalifahs. Translated from the Arabic Originals. By MRS. GODFREY CLERK, Author of "The Antipodes and Round the World." Crown 8vo.**IN STRANGE COMPANY;** or, The Note Book of a Roving Correspondent. By JAMES GREENWOOD, "The Amateur Casual." Crown 8vo.**THEOLOGY AND MORALITY.** Being Essays by the REV. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES. 1 vol. 8vo.**THE RECONCILIATION OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE.** Being Essays by the REV. J. W. FOWLE, M.A. 1 vol., 8vo.

A NEW VOLUME OF ACADEMIA ESSAYS.

Edited by the Most Reverend ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

THE FAYOUM; OR, ARTISTS IN EGYPT.

A Tour with M. Gérôme and others. By J. LENOIR. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. Crown 8vo, cloth. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.

TENT LIFE WITH ENGLISH GYPSIES IN

NORWAY. By HUBERT SMITH. In 8vo, cloth. Five full-page Engravings, and 31 smaller Illustrations, with Map of the Country showing Routes. Price 21s.

THE GATEWAY TO THE POLYNIA; or, a

Voyage to Spitzbergen. By CAPTAIN JOHN C. WELLS, R.N. In 8vo, cloth. Profusely Illustrated.

A WINTER IN MOROCCO. By AMELIA PER-

RIER. Large crown 8vo. Illustrated. Price 10s. 6d.

AN AUTUMN TOUR IN THE UNITED

STATES AND CANADA. By LIEUT.-COLONEL JULIUS GEORGE MEDLEY. Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

IRELAND IN 1872. A Tour of Observation, with Re-

marks on Irish Public Questions. By DR. JAMES MACAULAY. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE GREAT DUTCH ADMIRALS. By JACOB

DE LIEFDE. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Price 5s.

NEWMARKET & ARABIA: an Examination

of the Descent of Racers and Coursers. By ROGER D. UPTON. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Price 9s.

FIELD AND FOREST RAMBLES OF A

NATURALIST IN NEW BRUNSWICK. With Notes and Observations on the Natural History of Eastern Canada. By A. LEITH ADAMS, M.A., &c., Author of "Wanderings of a Naturalist in India," &c., &c. In 8vo, cloth. Illustrated. 14s.

BOKHARA: ITS HISTORY AND CONQUEST.

By PROFESSOR ARMINIUS VAMBËRY, of the University of Pesth, Author of *Travels in Central Asia*, &c. Demy 8vo. 18s.

"We conclude with a cordial recommendation of this valuable book. In former years, Mr. Vambéry gave ample proofs of his powers as an observant, easy, and vivid writer. In the present work his moderation, scholarship, insight, and occasionally very impressive style, have raised him to the dignity of an historian."—*Saturday Review*.

"Almost every page abounds with com-

position of peculiar merit, as well as with an account of some thrilling event more exciting than any to be found in an ordinary work of fiction."—*Morning Post*.

"A work compiled from many rare, private, and unavailable manuscripts and records, which consequently cannot fail to prove a mine of delightful Eastern lore to the Oriental scholar."—*Liverpool Albion*.

OVER VOLCANOES; or, Through France and Spain in 1871. By A. KINGSMAN. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"The writer's tone is so pleasant, his language is so good, and his spirits are so fresh, buoyant, and exhilarating, that you find yourself inveigled into reading, for the thousand-and-first time, a description of a Spanish bull-fight."—*Illustrated London News*.

"The adventures of our tourists are related with a good deal of pleasantry and

humorous dash, which make the narrative agreeable reading."—*Public Opinion*.

"A work which we cordially recommend to such readers as desire to know something of Spain as she is to-day. Indeed, so fresh and original is it, that we could have wished that it had been a bigger book than it is."—*Literary World*.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Correspondence and Conversations with NASSAU W. SENIOR from 1833 to 1859. Edited by MRS. M. C. M. SIMPSON. In 2 vols., large post 8vo. 21s.

"Another of those interesting journals in which Mr. Senior has, as it were, crystallized the sayings of some of those many remarkable men with whom he came in contact."—*Morning Post*.

"A book replete with knowledge and thought."—*Quarterly Review*.

"An extremely interesting book, and a singularly good illustration of the value which, even in an age of newspapers and magazines, memoirs have and will always continue to have for the purposes of history."—*Saturday Review*.

JOURNALS KEPT IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

From 1848 to 1852. With a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848. By the late NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. M. SIMPSON. In 2 vols., post 8vo. 24s.

"The present volume gives us conversations with some of the most prominent men in the political history of France and Italy . . . as well as with others whose names are not so familiar or are hidden under initials. Mr. Senior has the art of inspiring all men with frankness, and of persuading them to put themselves unre-

servedly in his hands without fear of private circulation."—*Athenæum*.

"The book has a genuine historical value."—*Saturday Review*.

"No better, more honest, and more readable view of the state of political society during the existence of the second Republic could well be looked for."—*Examiner*.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

A MEMOIR OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,

WITH STORIES NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

By H. A. PAGE.

Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"The Memoir is followed by a criticism of Hawthorne as a writer; and the criticism, though we should be inclined to dissent from particular sentiments, is, on the whole, very well written, and exhibits a discriminating enthusiasm for one of the most fascinating of novelists."—*Saturday Review*.

"Seldom has it been our lot to meet with a more appreciative delineation of character than this Memoir of Hawthorne . . . Mr. Page deserves the best thanks of every admirer of Hawthorne for the way in which he has gathered together these relics, and

given them to the world, as well as for his admirable portraiture of their author's life and character."—*Morning Post*.

"We sympathise very heartily with an effort of Mr. H. A. Page to make English readers better acquainted with the life and character of Nathaniel Hawthorne . . . He has done full justice to the fine character of the author of 'The Scarlet Letter.'"—*Standard*.

"He has produced a well-written and complete Memoir . . . A model of literary work of art."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

MEMOIRS OF LEONORA CHRISTINA,

DAUGHTER OF CHRISTIAN IV. OF DENMARK :

WRITTEN DURING HER IMPRISONMENT IN THE BLUE TOWER OF THE ROYAL PALACE
AT COPENHAGEN, 1663—1685.

TRANSLATED BY F. E. BUNNETT,

Translator of Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," &c.

With an Autotype portrait of the Princess. Medium 8vo. 12s. 6d.

"A valuable addition to history."—*Daily News*.

"This remarkable autobiography, in

which we gratefully recognize a valuable addition to the tragic romance of history."—*Spectator*.

LIVES OF ENGLISH POPULAR LEADERS.

No. 1. STEPHEN LANGTON.

By C. EDMUND MAURICE.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Maurice has written a very interesting book, which may be read with equal pleasure and profit."—*Morning Post*.

"The volume contains many interesting

details, including some important documents. It will amply repay those who read it, whether as a chapter of the constitutional history of England or as the life of a great Englishman."—*Spectator*.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

ECHOES OF A FAMOUS YEAR.

By HARRIET PARR,

Author of "The Life of Jeanne d'Arc," "In the Silver Age," &c.

Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

"A graceful and touching, as well as truthful account of the Franco-Prussian War. Those who are in the habit of reading books to children will find this at once instructive and delightful."—*Public Opinion*.

"Miss Parr has the great gift of charming simplicity of style; and if children are not interested in her book, many of their seniors will be."—*British Quarterly Review*.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.,

A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS HIS BIOGRAPHY.

By ALEXANDER STRAHAN.

Crown 8vo, sewed. Price One Shilling.

. Reprinted, with numerous Additions and many Illustrations from Sketches by Dr. Macleod, from the *Contemporary Review*.

CABINET PORTRAITS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF LIVING STATESMEN.

By T. WEMYSS REID.

1 vol. crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"We have never met with a work which we can more unreservedly praise. The sketches are absolutely impartial."—*Athenaeum*.

"We can heartily commend his work."—*Standard*.

"The 'Sketches of Statesmen' are drawn with a master hand."—*Yorkshire Post*.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

By WALTER BAGEHOT.

A New Edition, revised and corrected, with an Introductory Dissertation on recent changes and events. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"A pleasing and clever study on the department of higher politics."—*Guardian*.

clearly what the efficient part of the English Constitution really is."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"No writer before him had set out so

"Clear and practical."—*Globe*.

REPUBLICAN SUPERSTITIONS.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

INCLUDING A CORRESPONDENCE WITH M. LOUIS BLANC.

By MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Crown 8vo. 5s.

"Au moment où j'écris ceci, je reçois d'un écrivain très distingué d'Amérique, M. Conway, une brochure qui est un frappant tableau des maux et des dangers qui résultent aux Etats Unis de l'institu-

tion présidentielle."—*M. Louis Blanc*.

"A very able exposure of the most plausible fallacies of Republicanism, by a writer of remarkable vigour and purity of style."—*Standard*.

**THE GENIUS of CHRISTIANITY UNVEILED,
BEING ESSAYS BY WILLIAM GODWIN.**

AUTHOR OF "POLITICAL JUSTICE," ETC.

Never before published. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"Interesting as the frankly expressed thoughts of a remarkable man, and as a contribution to the history of scepticism."
—*Extract from the Editor's Preface.*

"Few have thought more clearly and directly than William Godwin, or expressed

their reflections with more simplicity and unreserve."—*Examiner.*

"The deliberate thoughts of Godwin deserve to be put before the world for reading and consideration."—*Athenæum.*

THE PELICAN PAPERS.

REMINISCENCES AND REMAINS OF A DWELLER IN THE WILDERNESS.

By JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Written somewhat after the fashion of Mr. Helps' 'Friends in Council.'"—*Examiner.*

"Will well repay perusal by all thought-

ful and intelligent readers."—*Liverpool Leader.*

"The 'Pelican Papers' make a very readable volume."—*Civilian.*

SOLDIERING AND, SCRIBBLING.

By ARCHIBALD FORBES,

Of the *Daily News*,

Author of "My Experience of the War between France and Germany."

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"All who open it will be inclined to read through for the varied entertainment which it affords."—*Daily News.*

"There is a good deal of instruction to

outsiders touching military life, in this volume."—*Evening Standard.*

"There is not a paper in the book which is not thoroughly readable and worth reading."—*Scotsman.*

BRIEFS AND PAPERS.

BEING SKETCHES OF THE BAR AND THE PRESS.

By TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"They are written with spirit and knowledge, and give some curious glimpses into what the majority will regard as strange and unknown territories."—*Daily News.*

"This is one of the best books to while away an hour and cause a generous laugh that we have come across for a long time."—*John Bull.*

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES.

MESSRS. HENRY S. KING & CO. have the pleasure to announce that under this title they are issuing a SERIES of POPULAR TREATISES, embodying the results of the latest investigations in the various departments of Science at present most prominently before the world.

Although these Works are not specially designed for the instruction of beginners, still, as they are intended to address the

non-scientific public, they will be, as far as possible, explanatory in character, and free from technicalities. The object of each author will be to bring his subject as near as he can to the general reader.

The volumes will all be crown 8vo size, well printed on good paper, strongly and elegantly bound, and will sell in this country at a price not exceeding Five Shillings.

Prospectuses of the Series may be had of the Publishers.

Already published,

THE FORMS OF WATER IN RAIN AND RIVERS, ICE AND GLACIERS.

By J. TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S.

With 26 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"One of Professor Tyndall's best scientific treatises."—*Standard*.

"The most recent findings of science and experiment respecting the nature and properties of water in every possible form, are discussed with remarkable brevity, clearness, and fullness of exposition."—*Graphic*.

"With the clearness and brilliancy of

language which have won for him his fame, he considers the subject of ice, snow, and glaciers."—*Morning Post*.

"Before starting for Switzerland next summer every one should study 'The forms of water.'"—*Globe*.

"Eloquent and instructive in an eminent degree."—*British Quarterly*.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS;

Or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society.

By WALTER BAGEHOT.

Crown 8vo. 4s.

"On the whole we can recommend the book as well deserving to be read by thoughtful students of politics."—*Saturday Review*.

"Able and ingenious."—*Spectator*.

"The book has been well thought out,

and the writer speaks without fear."—*National Reformer*.

"Contains many points of interest both to the scientific man and to the mere politician."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

Just out.

ON FOOD.

By DR. EDWARD SMITH. Profusely Illustrated. Price 5s.

The Volumes now preparing are—

PRINCIPLES OF MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY. With their applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions. By W. B. CARPENTER, LL.D., M.D., F.R.S., &c. Illustrated.

ANIMAL MECHANICS; or, WALKING, SWIMMING, and FLYING.

By Dr. J. BELL PETTIGREW, M.D., F.R.S. 125 Illustrations.

MIND AND BODY: THE THEORIES OF THEIR RELATIONS. By ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D., Professor of Logic at the University of Aberdeen. Illustrated.

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY. By HERBERT SPENCER.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

STREAMS FROM HIDDEN SOURCES.

By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

Third Edition.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO LORD ST. LEONARDS.

Large crown 8vo. 5s.

"A charming little volume, written with singular felicity of style and illustration."

—*Times*.

"A very pleasant little book, which is always, whether it deal in paradox or earnest, cheerful, genial, scholarly."—*Spectator*.

"The bold and striking character of the

whole conception is entitled to the warmest admiration."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"We should recommend our readers to get this book . . . because they will be amused by the jovial miscellaneous and cultured gossip with which he strews his pages."—*British Quarterly Review*.

Second Edition.

CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE.

A PHYSICIAN'S HINTS ABOUT DOCTORS, PATIENTS, HYGIÈNE, AND SOCIETY ;

WITH NOTES OF EXCURSIONS FOR HEALTH IN THE PYRENEES, AND AMONGST THE WATERING-PLACES OF FRANCE (INLAND AND SEAWARD), SWITZERLAND, CORSICA, AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By DR. ALPHONSE DONNÉ.

Large post 8vo. Price 9s.

"A very readable and serviceable book. . . . The real value of it is to be found in the accurate and minute information given with regard to a large number of places which have gained a reputation on the continent for their mineral waters."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Not only a pleasant book of travel but also a book of considerable value."—*Morning Post*.

"A popular account of some of the most charming health resorts of the Continent ;

with suggestive hints about keeping well and getting well, which are characterised by a good deal of robust common sense."—*British Quarterly*.

"A singularly pleasant and chatty as well as instructive book about health."—*Guardian*.

"A useful and pleasantly-written book, containing many valuable hints on the general management of health from a shrewd and experienced medical man."—*Graphic*.

MISS YOUMANS' FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY.

DESIGNED TO CULTIVATE THE OBSERVING POWERS OF CHILDREN.

From the Author's latest Stereotyped Edition.

New and Enlarged Edition, with 300 Engravings. Crown 8vo. 5s.

It is but rarely that a school-book appears which is at once so novel in plan, so successful in execution, and so suited to the general want, as to command universal and unqualified approbation, but such has been the case with Miss Youmans' First Book of Botany. Her work is an outgrowth of

the most recent scientific views, and has been practically tested by careful trial with juvenile classes, and it has been everywhere welcomed as a timely and invaluable contribution to the improvement of primary education.

AN ESSAY ON THE CULTURE OF THE OBSERVING POWERS OF CHILDREN,

ESPECIALLY IN CONNECTION WITH THE STUDY OF BOTANY.

By ELIZA A. YOUMANS,

Edited, with Notes and a Supplement,

By JOSEPH PAYNE, F.C.P.,

Author of "Lectures on the Science and Art of Education," &c.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"The little book, now under notice, is expressly designed to make the earliest instruction of children a mental discipline. Miss Youmans presents in her work the ripe results of educational experience reduced to a system, wisely conceiving that an education—even the most elementary—should be regarded as a discipline of the mental powers, and that the facts of external nature supply the most suitable materials for this discipline in the case of

children. She has applied that principle to the study of botany. This study, according to her just notions on the subject, is to be fundamentally based on the exercise of the pupil's own powers of observation. He is to see and examine the properties of plants and flowers at first hand, not merely to be informed of what others have seen and examined."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE HISTORY OF THE NATURAL CREATION:

BEING A SERIES OF POPULAR SCIENTIFIC LECTURES ON THE
GENERAL THEORY OF PROGRESSION OF SPECIES;

WITH A DISSERTATION ON THE THEORIES OF DARWIN, GOETHE, AND LAMARCK:

MORE ESPECIALLY APPLYING THEM TO THE ORIGIN OF MAN, AND TO OTHER
FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS OF NATURAL SCIENCE CONNECTED THEREWITH.

By PROFESSOR ERNST HÆCKEL, of the University of Jena.

8vo. With Woodcuts and Plates.

AN ARABIC AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY OF THE KORAN.

By MAJOR J. PENRICE, B.A. 4to. Price 21s.

MODERN GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

By T. G. JACKSON.

Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

A LEGAL HANDBOOK FOR ARCHITECTS.

BY EDWARD JENKINS AND JOHN RAYMOND.

Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH PSYCHOLOGY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PROFESSOR TH. RIBOT.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF THE FOLLOWING
METAPHYSICIANS, AS EXPRESSED IN THEIR WRITINGS.

JAMES MILL,
A. BAIN.

| JOHN STUART MILL.
| GEORGE H. LEWES.

| HERBERT SPENCER.
| SAMUEL BAILEY.

Large post 8vo.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR PRACTICAL USE.

BY VARIOUS EMINENT WRITERS.

EDITED BY JAMES HINTON.

With 50 Illustrations.

HEALTH AND DISEASE

AS INFLUENCED BY

**THE DAILY, SEASONAL, AND OTHER CYCLICAL
CHANGES IN THE HUMAN SYSTEM.**

BY DR. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S.

A New Edition. 7s. 6d.

PRACTICAL DIETARY

**FOR FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, & THE LABOURING
CLASSES.**

BY DR. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S.

A New Edition. Price 3s. 6d.

**CONSUMPTION IN ITS EARLY AND
REMEDIALE STAGES.**

BY DR. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S.

A New Edition. 7s. 6d.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

A TREATISE ON RELAPSING FEVER.

By R. T. LYONS,
Assistant-Surgeon, Bengal Army.

Small post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"A practical work thoroughly supported in its views by a series of remarkable cases."—*Standard*.

IN QUEST OF COOLIES.

A SOUTH SEA SKETCH. By JAMES L. A. HOPE.

Second Edition. Crown 8vo, with 15 Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. Price 6s.

"Mr. Hope's description of the natives is graphic and amusing, and the book is altogether well worthy of perusal."—*Standard*.

"Lively and clever sketches."—*Athenæum*.

"This agreeably written and amusingly illustrated volume."—*Public Opinion*.

Second Edition.

THE NILE WITHOUT A DRAGOMAN.

By FREDERIC EDEN.

In one vol. Crown 8vo, cloth. 7s. 6d.

"Should any of our readers care to imitate Mr. Eden's example, and wish to see things with their own eyes, and shift for themselves, next winter in Upper Egypt, they will find this book a very agreeable guide."—*Times*.

"We have in these pages the most minute description of life as it appeared on the banks of the Nile; all that could be

seen or was worth seeing in nature or in art is here pleasantly and graphically set down. . . . It is a book to read during an autumn holiday."—*Spectator*.

"Gives, within moderate compass, a suggestive description of the charms, curiosities, dangers, and discomforts of the Nile voyage."—*Saturday Review*.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 1870.

A VOLUME OF TRAVELS, WITH MAPS.

By A. D. CARLISLE, B.A.,

Trin. Coll., Camb.

Demy 8vo. 16s.

"Makes one understand how going round the world is to be done in the quickest and pleasantest manner, and how the brightest and most cheerful of travellers did it with eyes wide open and keen attention all on the alert, with ready sympathies, with the happiest facility of hitting

upon the most interesting features of nature and the most interesting characteristics of man, and all for its own sake."—*Spectator*.

"We can only commend, which we do very heartily, an eminently sensible and readable book."—*British Quarterly Review*.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

Military Works.

THE FRONTAL ATTACK OF INFANTRY.

By Capt. LAYMANN, Instructor of Tactics at the Military College, Neisse. Translated by Colonel EDWARD NEWDIGATE. Crown 8vo, limp cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

"This work has met with special attention in our army."—*Militarin Wochenblatt*.

THE FIRST BAVARIAN ARMY CORPS IN

THE WAR OF 1870-71, UNDER VON DER TANN. Compiled from the Official Records by Capt. HUGO HELVIG. Translated by Capt. G. SALIS SCHWABE. Demy 8vo. With 5 large Maps.

History of the Organisation, Equipment, and War Services of

THE REGIMENT OF BENGAL ARTILLERY.

Compiled from Published Official and other Records, and various private sources, by Major FRANCIS W. STUBBS, Royal (late Bengal) Artillery. Vol. I. will contain WAR SERVICES. The Second Volume will be published separately, and will contain the HISTORY of the ORGANISATION and EQUIPMENT of the REGIMENT. In 2 vols. 8vo. With Maps and Plans. [Preparing.]

THE ABOLITION OF PURCHASE AND THE

ARMY REGULATION BILL OF 1871. By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. A. ANSON, V.C., M.P. Crown 8vo. Price One Shilling.

THE STORY OF THE SUPERSESSIONS. By

Lieut.-Col. the Hon. A. ANSON, V.C., M.P. Crown 8vo. Price Sixpence.

ARMY RESERVES AND MILITIA REFORMS.

By Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. C. ANSON. Crown 8vo. Sewed. Price One Shilling.

ELEMENTARY MILITARY GEOGRAPHY,

RECONNOITRING, AND SKETCHING. Compiled for Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of all Arms. By Lieut. C. E. H. VINCENT, Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Small crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

MILITARY WORKS—continued.

VICTORIES AND DEFEATS. An Attempt to explain the Causes which have led to them. An Officer's Manual. By Col. R. P. ANDERSON. Demy 8vo. 14s.

STUDIES IN THE NEW INFANTRY TACTICS. Parts I. & II. By Major W. VON SCHEREFF. Translated from the German by Col. LUMLEY GRAHAM.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY TO THE CAPITULATION OF METZ. By Major VON SCHELL, with Maps, including one of Metz and of the country around. Translated by Capt. E. O. HOLLIST. In demy 8vo.

** The most important events described in this work are the battles of Spichern, those before Metz on the 14th and 18th August, and (on this point nothing authentic has yet been published) the history of the investment of Metz (battle of Noisseville).

This work, however, possesses a greater importance than that derived from these points, because it represents for the first

time from the official documents the generalship of Von Steinmetz. Hitherto we have had no exact reports on the deeds and motives of this celebrated general. This work has the special object of unfolding carefully the relations in which the commander of the First Army acted, the plan of operations which he drew up, and the manner in which he carried it out.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY IN NORTHERN FRANCE AGAINST FAIDHERBE. By Colonel COUNT HERMANN VON WARTENSLEBEN, Chief of the Staff of the First Army. Translated by Colonel C. H. VON WRIGHT. In demy 8vo. Uniform with the above.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY, UNDER GEN. VON GOEBEN. Translated by Col. C. H. VON WRIGHT. With Maps. Demy 8vo.

TACTICAL DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WAR OF 1870-1. By Captain A. VON BOGUSLAWSKI. Translated by Colonel LUMLEY GRAHAM, late 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment. Demy 8vo. Uniform with the above. Price 7s.

"Major Boguslawski's tactical deductions from the war are, that infantry still preserve their superiority over cavalry, that open order must henceforth be the main principles of all drill, and that the chasseur is the best of all small arms for precision. . . . We must, without delay, impress brain and forethought into the

British Service; and we cannot commence the good work too soon, or better, than by placing the two books ('The Operations of the German Armies' and 'Tactical Deductions') we have here criticised, in every military library, and introducing them as class-books in every tactical school."—*United Service Gazette*.

MILITARY WORKS—continued.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE GERMAN ARMIES IN FRANCE, FROM SEDAN TO THE END OF THE WAR OF 1870-1. With Large Official Map. From the Journals of the Head-quarters Staff, by Major WM. BLUME. Translated by E. M. JONES, Major 20th Foot, late Professor of Military History, Sandhurst. Demy 8vo. Price 9s.

"The book is of absolute necessity to the military student. . . . The work is one of high merit and . . . has the advantage of being rendered into fluent English, and is accompanied by an excellent military map."—*United Service Gazette*.

"The work of translation has been well done; the expressive German idioms have been rendered into clear, nervous English without losing any of their original force; and in notes, prefaces, and introductions, much additional information has been given."—*Athenæum*.

"The work of Major von Blume in its

English dress forms the most valuable addition to our stock of works upon the war that our press has put forth. Major Blume writes with a clear conciseness much wanting in many of his country's historians, and Major Jones has done himself and his original alike justice by his vigorous yet correct translation of the excellent volume on which he has laboured. Our space forbids our doing more than commending it earnestly as the most authentic and instructive narrative of the second section of the war that has yet appeared."—*Saturday Review*.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE SOUTH ARMY IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1871. Compiled from the Official War Documents of the Head-quarters of the Southern Army. By COUNT HERMANN VON WARTENSLEBEN, Colonel in the Prussian General Staff. Translated by Colonel C. H. VON WRIGHT. Demy 8vo, with Maps. Uniform with the above. Price 6s.

HASTY INTRENCHMENTS. By Colonel A. BRIALMONT. Translated by Lieutenant CHARLES A. EMPSON, R.A. Demy 8vo. Nine Plates. Price 6s.

"A valuable contribution to military literature."—*Athenæum*.

"In seven short chapters it gives plain directions for performing shelter-trenches, with the best method of carrying the necessary tools, and it offers practical illustrations of the use of hasty intrenchments on the field of battle."—*United Service Magazine*.

"It supplies that which our own textbooks give but imperfectly, viz., hints as

to how a position can best be strengthened by means . . . of such extemporised intrenchments and batteries as can be thrown up by infantry in the space of four or five hours . . . deserves to become a standard military work."—*Standard*.

"A clever treatise, short, practical and clear."—*Investor's Guardian*.

"Clearly and critically written."—*Wellington Gazette*.

THE ARMY OF THE NORTH-GERMAN CONFEDERATION. A Brief Description of its Organisation, of the different Branches of the Service and their 'Rôle' in War, of its Mode of Fighting, &c. By a PRUSSIAN GENERAL. Translated from the German by Col. EDWARD NEWDIGATE. Demy 8vo. 5s.

* * The authorship of this book was erroneously ascribed to the renowned General von Moltke, but there can be little doubt that it was written under his immediate inspiration.

MILITARY WORKS—continued.

CAVALRY FIELD DUTY. By Major-General VON MIRUS. Translated by Captain FRANK S. RUSSELL, 14th (King's) Hussars. Crown 8vo, limp cloth. 7s. 6d.

* * This is the text-book of instruction in the German cavalry, and comprises all the details connected with the military duties of cavalry soldiers on service. The translation is made from a new edition, which contains the modifications intro-

duced consequent on the experiences of the late war. The great interest that students feel in all the German military methods, will, it is believed, render this book especially acceptable at the present time.

STUDIES IN LEADING TROOPS. By Colonel VON VERDY DU VERNOIS. An authorised and accurate Translation by Lieutenant H. J. T. HILDYARD, 71st Foot. Parts I. and II. Demy 8vo. Price 7s.

* * General BEAUCHAMP WALKER says of this work:—"I recommend the first two numbers of Colonel von Verdy's 'Studies' to the attentive perusal of my brother officers. They supply a want which I have often felt during my service in this country, namely, a minuter tactical detail of the minor operations of the war than any but the most observant and for-

tunately-placed staff-officer is in a position to give. I have read and re-read them very carefully, I hope with profit, certainly with great interest, and believe that practice, in the sense of these 'Studies,' would be a valuable preparation for manoeuvres on a more extended scale."—Berlin, June, 1872.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, 1870-71.

FIRST PART:—HISTORY OF THE WAR TO THE DOWNFALL OF THE EMPIRE. FIRST SECTION:—THE EVENTS IN JULY. Authorised Translation from the German Official Account at the Topographical and Statistical Department of the War Office, by Captain F. C. H. CLARKE, R.A. First Section, with Map. Demy 8vo. 3s.

DISCIPLINE AND DRILL. Four Lectures delivered to the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. By Captain S. FLOOD PAGE. A New and Cheaper Edition. Price 1s.

"One of the best-known and coolest-headed of the metropolitan regiments, whose adjutant moreover has lately published an admirable collection of lectures addressed by him to the men of his corps."—*Times*.

"The very useful and interesting work. . . . Every Volunteer, officer or pri-

vate, will be the better for perusing and digesting the plain-spoken truths which Captain Page so firmly, and yet so modestly, puts before them; and we trust that the little book in which they are contained will find its way into all parts of Great Britain."—*Volunteer Service Gazette*.

THE SUBSTANTIVE SENIORITY ARMY LIST. Majors and Captains. By Captain F. B. P. WHITE, 1st W. I. Regiment. 8vo, sewed. 2s. 6d.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

Books on Indian Subjects.

THE EUROPEAN IN INDIA.

A HAND-BOOK OF PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR THOSE PROCEEDING
TO, OR RESIDING IN, THE EAST INDIES,

RELATING TO OUTFITS, ROUTES, TIME FOR DEPARTURE, INDIAN CLIMATE, ETC.

By EDMUND C. P. HULL.

WITH A MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS.

BEING A COMPENDIUM OF ADVICE TO EUROPEANS IN INDIA, RELATING TO THE
PRESERVATION AND REGULATION OF HEALTH.

By R. S. MAIR, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.,

Late Deputy Coroner of Madras.

In 1 vol. Post 8vo. 6s.

"Full of all sorts of useful information
to the English settler or traveller in India."
—*Standard*.

"One of the most valuable books ever
published in India—valuable for its sound
information, its careful array of pertinent
facts, and its sterling common sense. It is

a publisher's as well as an author's 'hit'
for it supplies a want which few persons
may have discovered, but which everybody
will at once recognise when once the con-
tents of the book have been mastered.
The medical part of the work is invalua-
ble."—*Calcutta Guardian*.

EASTERN EXPERIENCES.

By L. BOWRING, C.S.I.,

Lord Canning's Private Secretary, and for many years the Chief Commissioner of
Mysore and Coorg.

In 1 vol. Demy 8vo. 16s. Illustrated with Maps and Diagrams.

"An admirable and exhaustive geo-
graphical, political, and industrial survey."
—*Athenæum*.

"The usefulness of this compact and
methodical summary of the most authentic
information relating to countries whose
welfare is intimately connected with our
own, should obtain for Mr. Lewin Bow-

ring's work a good place among treatises
of its kind."—*Daily News*.

"Interesting even to the general reader,
but more especially so to those who may
have a special concern in that portion of
our Indian Empire."—*Post*.

"An elaborately got up and carefully
compiled work."—*Home News*.

A MEMOIR OF THE INDIAN SURVEYS.

By CLEMENT R. MARKHAM.

Printed by order of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council.

Imperial 8vo. 10s. 6d.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

BOOKS ON INDIAN SUBJECTS—*continued.*

WESTERN INDIA BEFORE AND DURING THE MUTINIES.

PICTURES DRAWN FROM LIFE.

BY MAJOR-GEN. SIR GEORGE LE GRAND JACOB, K.C.S.I., C.B.

In 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"The most important contribution to the history of Western India during the Mutinies which has yet, in a popular form, been made public."—*Athenaeum*.

"The legacy of a wise veteran, intent on the benefit of his countrymen rather

than on the acquisition of fame."—*London and China Express*.

"Few men more competent than himself to speak authoritatively concerning Indian affairs."—*Standard*.

EXCHANGE TABLES OF STERLING AND INDIAN RUPEE CURRENCY,

UPON A NEW AND EXTENDED SYSTEM,

EMBRACING VALUES FROM ONE FARTHING TO ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, AND
AT RATES PROGRESSING, IN SIXTEENTHS OF A PENNY,
FROM 1s. 9d. TO 2s. 3d. PER RUPEE.

BY DONALD FRASER,

Accountant to the British Indian Steam Navigation Co., Limited.

Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A CATALOGUE OF MAPS OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS

IN INDIA AND OTHER PARTS OF ASIA.

Published by order of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council.

Royal 8vo, sewed. 1s.

A continuation of the above, sewed, price 6d., is now ready.

Messrs. Henry S. King & Co. are the authorised agents by the Government for the sale of the whole of the Maps enumerated in this Catalogue.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Fatermoster Row, London.

Juvenile Books.

LOST GIP. By HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Little Meg," "Alone in London." Square crown 8vo. Six Illustrations. Price 1s. 6d.

BRAVE MEN'S FOOTSTEPS. A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. By the Editor of "MEN WHO HAVE RISEN." With Four Illustrations. By C. DOYLE. 3s. 6d.

"The little volume is precisely of the stamp to win the favour of those who, in choosing a gift for a boy, would consult his moral development as well as his temporary pleasure."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"A readable and instructive volume."—*Examiner*.

"No more welcome book for the school-boy could be imagined."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

THE LITTLE WONDER-HORN. By JEAN INGELow. A Second Series of "Stories told to a Child." Fifteen Illustrations. Cloth, gilt. 3s. 6d.

"Full of fresh and vigorous fancy: it is worthy of the author of some of the best of our modern verse."—*Standard*.

"We like all the contents of the 'Little Wonder-Horn' very much."—*Athenæum*.

"We recommend it with confidence."—*Pall-Mall Gazette*.

STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES. By HELEN ZIMMERN. With Six Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"A series of pretty tales which are half fantastic, half natural, and pleasantly quaint, as befits stories intended for the young."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Certainly the book is well worth a perusal, and will not be soon laid down when once taken up."—*Daily Bristol Times*.

GUTTA-PERCHA WILLIE, THE WORKING GENIUS. By GEORGE MACDONALD. With Illustrations. By ARTHUR HUGHES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE TRAVELLING MENAGERIE. By CHARLES CAMDEN, Author of "Hoity Toity." Illustrated by J. MAHONEY. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

PLUCKY FELLOWS. A Book for Boys. By STEPHEN J. MACKENNA. With Six Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

JUVENILE BOOKS—*continued.*

THE DESERTED SHIP. A Real Story of the Atlantic. By CUPPLES HOWE, Master Mariner. Illustrated by TOWNLEY GREEN. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG. The Volume for 1872, gilt cloth and gilt edges, 7s. 6d. Containing numerous Contributions by popular authors, and about One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations by the best artists.

New Edition.

THE DESERT PASTOR, JEAN JAROUSSEAU.

Translated from the French of EUGENE PELLETAN. By Colonel E. P. DE L'HOSTE. In fcap. 8vo, with an Engraved Frontispiece. Price 3s. 6d.

"There is a poetical simplicity and picturesqueness; the noblest heroism; unpretentious religion; pure love, and the spectacle of a household brought up in the fear of the Lord. . . . The whole story has an air of quaint antiquity similar to that which invests with a charm more easily felt than described the site of

some splendid ruin."—*Illustrated London News.*

"This charming specimen of Eugène Pelletan's tender grace, humour, and high-toned morality."—*Notes and Queries.*

"A touching record of the struggles in the cause of religious liberty of a real man."—*Graphic.*

HOITY TOITY, THE GOOD LITTLE FELLOW.

By CHARLES CAMDEN. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE, AND OTHER STORIES. Crown 8vo. Six Illustrations.

THE "ELSIE" SERIES, 3s. 6d. each.

ELSIE DINSMORE. By MARTHA FARQUHARSON. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

ELSIE'S GIRLHOOD. A Sequel to "Elsie Dinsmore." By the same Author. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

ELSIE'S HOLIDAYS AT ROSELANDS. By the same Author. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

Poetry.

POT-POURRI. Collected Verses. By AUSTIN DOBSON.
Crown 8vo.

IMITATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF
SPITTA AND TERSTEGEN. By Lady DURAND. Crown
8vo. 4s.

EASTERN LEGENDS AND STORIES IN
ENGLISH VERSE. By Lieutenant NORTON POWLETT,
Royal Artillery. Crown 8vo. 5s.

EDITH ; or, LOVE AND LIFE IN CHESHIRE.
By T. ASHE, Author of the "Sorrows of Hypsipylé," etc. Sewed.
Price 6d.

"A really fine poem, full of tender,
subtle touches of feeling."—*Manchester*
News.

"Pregnant from beginning to end with
the results of careful observation and ima-
ginative power."—*Chester Chronicle*.

THE GALLERY OF PIGEONS, AND OTHER
POEMS. By THEO. MARZIALS. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

A NEW VOLUME OF SONNETS. By the Rev.
C. TENNYSON TURNER. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

ENGLISH SONNETS. Collected and Arranged by
JOHN DENNIS. Small crown 8vo.

GOETHE'S FAUST. A New Translation in Rhyme.
By the Rev. C. KEGAN PAUL. Crown 8vo. 6s.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S POEMS.
Handsomely bound, with Illustrations.
A Cheaper Edition.
A Pocket Edition.

POETRY—continued.

CALDERON'S DRAMAS.

THE PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK.

THE WONDERFUL MAGICIAN.

LIFE IS A DREAM.

Translated from the Spanish. By DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY. Price 10s.

SONGS FOR SAILORS. By Dr. W. C. BENNETT.

Dedicated by Special Request to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. With Steel Portrait and Illustrations.

An Edition in Illustrated paper Covers. Price 1s.

DR. W. C. BENNETT'S POEMS will be shortly Re-issued, with additions to each part, in Five Parts, at 1s. each.**WALLED IN, AND OTHER POEMS.** By the Rev. HENRY J. BULKELY. Crown 8vo. 5s.**THE POETICAL AND PROSE WORKS OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.** Preparing for publication, a Collected Edition in 5 vols.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.—

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

UNDERTONES AND ANTIQUES.

COUNTRY AND PASTORAL POEMS.

SONGS OF LIFE AND DEATH. By JOHN PAYNE, Author of "Intaglios," "Sonnets," "The Masque of Shadows," etc. Crown 8vo. 5s.**SONGS OF TWO WORLDS.** By a NEW WRITER.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s. Second Edition.

"The 'New Writer' is certainly no tyro. No one after reading the first two poems, almost perfect in rhythm and all the graceful reserve of true lyrical strength, can doubt that this book is the result of lengthened thought and assiduous training in poetical form."

"These poems will assuredly take high rank among the class to which they belong."—*British Quarterly Review*, April 1st.

"If these poems are the mere preludes of a mind growing in power and in inclination for verse, we have in them the promise of a fine poet. . . . The verse describ-

ing Socrates has the highest note of critical poetry."—*Spectator*, February 17th.

"No extracts could do justice to the exquisite tones, the felicitous phrasing and delicately wrought harmonies of some of these poems."—*Nonconformist*, March 27th.

"Are we in this book making the acquaintance of a fine and original poet, or of a most artistic imitator? And our deliberate opinion is that the former hypothesis is the right one. It has a purity and delicacy of feeling like morning air."—*Graphic*, March 16th.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

POETRY—continued.

THE INN OF STRANGE MEETINGS, AND OTHER POEMS. By MORTIMER COLLINS. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"Abounding in quiet humour, in bright fancy, in sweetness and melody of expression, and, at times, in the tenderest touches of pathos."—*Graphic*

"Mr. Collins has an undercurrent of

chivalry and romance beneath the trifling vein of good humoured banter which is the special characteristic of his verse. . . . The 'Inn of Strange Meetings' is a sprightly piece."—*Athenæum*.

EROS AGONISTES. By E. B. D. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"The author of these verses has written a very touching story of the human heart in the story he tells with such pathos and power, of an affection cherished so long and so secretly. . . . It is not the

least merit of these pages that they are everywhere illumined with moral and religious sentiment suggested, not paraded, of the brightest, purest character."—*Standard*.

THE LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK & OTHER POEMS. By AUBREY DE VERE. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"Mr. De Vere's versification in his earlier poems is characterised by great sweetness and simplicity. He is master of his instrument, and rarely offends the ear with false notes. Poems such as these scarcely admit of quotation, for their charm is not, and ought not to be, found in isolated passages; but we can promise the patient and thoughtful reader much pleasure in the perusal of this volume."—*Pall-Mall Gazette*.

"We have marked, in almost every

page, excellent touches from which we know not how to select. We have but space to commend the varied structure of his verse, the carefulness of his grammar, and his excellent English. All who believe that poetry should raise and not debase the social ideal, all who think that wit should exalt our standard of thought and manners, must welcome this contribution at once to our knowledge of the past and to the science of noble life."—*Saturday Review*.

ASPROMONTE, AND OTHER POEMS. Second Edition, cloth. 4s. 6d.

"The volume is anonymous, but there is no reason for the author to be ashamed of it. The 'Poems of Italy' are evidently inspired by genuine enthusiasm in the cause espoused; and one of them, 'The

Execution of Felice Orsini,' has much poetic merit, the event celebrated being told with dramatic force."—*Athenæum*.
"The verse is fluent and free."—*Spectator*.

THE DREAM AND THE DEED, AND OTHER POEMS. By PATRICK SCOTT, Author of "Footpaths between Two Worlds," etc. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"A bitter and able satire on the vice and follies of the day, literary, social, and political."—*Standard*.

"Shows real poetic power coupled with evidences of satirical energy."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

Fiction.

REGINALD BRAMBLE. A Cynic of the 19th Century. An Autobiography. One Volume.

BRESSANT. A Romance. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
2 vols. Crown 8vo.

EFFIE'S GAME; How she Lost and how she Won.
By CECIL CLAYTON. 2 vols.

WHAT 'TIS TO LOVE. By the Author of "FLORA ADAIR," "THE VALUE OF FOSTERTOWN." 3 vols.

CHESTERLEIGH. By ANSLEY CONYERS. 3 vols.
Crown 8vo.

SQUIRE SILCHESTER'S WHIM. By MORTIMER COLLINS, Author of "Marquis and Merchant," "The Princess Clarice," &c. Crown 8vo. 3 vols.

"We think it the best (story) Mr. Collins has yet written."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SEETA. By Colonel MEADOWS TAYLOR, Author of "Tara," "Ralph Darnell," &c. Crown 8vo. 3 vols.

"The story is well told, native life is admirably described, and the petty intrigues of native rulers, and their hatred of the English, mingled with fear lest the latter should eventually prove the victors, are cleverly depicted."—*Athenæum*.

"We cannot speak too highly of Colonel Meadows Taylor's book. . . . We would recommend all novel-readers to purchase it at the earliest opportunity."—*John Bull*.

"Thoroughly interesting and enjoyable reading."—*Examiner*.

A New and Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol., each Illustrated, price 6s., of
COL. MEADOWS TAYLOR'S INDIAN TALES

is preparing for publication. The first volume is

THE CONFESSIONS OF A THUG.

JOHANNES OLAF. By E. DE WILLE. Translated
by F. E. BUNNETT. Crown 8vo. 3 vols.

The author of this story enjoys a high reputation in Germany; and both English and German critics have spoken in terms of the warmest praise of this and her previous stories. She has been called "The 'George Eliot' of Germany."

"The book gives evidence of consider-

able capacity in every branch of a novelist's faculty. The art of description is fully exhibited; perception of character and capacity for delineating it are obvious; while there is great breadth and comprehensiveness in the plan of the story."

—*Morning Post*.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

FICTION—continued.

OFF THE SKELLIGS. By JEAN INGELow. (Her First Romance.) Crown 8vo. In 4 vols.

"Clever and sparkling. . . . The descriptive passages are bright with colour."
—*Standard*.

"We read each succeeding volume with increasing interest, going almost to the

point of wishing there was a 'fifth.'—*Athenæum*.

"The novel as a whole is a remarkable one, because it is uncompromisingly true to life."—*Daily News*.

HONOR BLAKE: The Story of a Plain Woman.

By Mrs. KEATINGE, Author of "English Homes in India," &c.
2 vols. Crown 8vo.

"One of the best novels we have met with for some time."—*Morning Post*.

"A story which must do good to all, young and old, who read it."—*Daily News*.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. By HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Little Meg," &c., &c. Crown 8vo. 3 vols.

THE PRINCESS CLARICE. A Story of 1871.

By MORTIMER COLLINS. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

"Mr. Collins has produced a readable book, amusingly characteristic. There is good description of Devonshire scenery; and lastly there is Clarice, a most successful heroine, who must speak to the reader for herself."—*Athenæum*.

"Very readable and amusing. We would especially give an honourable men-

tion to Mr. Collins's '*vers de société*,' the writing of which has almost become a lost art."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A bright, fresh, and original book, with which we recommend all genuine novel readers to become acquainted at the earliest opportunity."—*Standard*.

A GOOD MATCH. By AMELIA PERRIER, Author of "Mea Culpa." 2 vols.

"Racy and lively."—*Athenæum*.
"As pleasant and readable a novel as we have seen this season."—*Examiner*.

"This clever and amusing novel."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Agreeably written."—*Public Opinion*.

THE SPINSTERS OF BLATCHINGTON. By MAR. TRAVERS. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

"A pretty story. Deserving of a favourable reception."—*Graphic*.

"A book of more than average merits, worth reading."—*Examiner*.

FICTION—continued.

THOMASINA. By the Author of "DOROTHY," "DE CRESSY," etc. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

"A finished and delicate cabinet picture, no line is without its purpose, but all contribute to the unity of the work."—*Athenæum*.

"For the delicacies of character-drawing,

for play of incident, and for finish of style, we must refer our readers to the story itself."—*Daily News*.

"This undeniably pleasing story."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE STORY OF SIR EDWARD'S WIFE. By HAMILTON MARSHALL, Author of "For Very Life." 1 vol. Crown 8vo.

"A quiet graceful little story."—*Spectator*.

"There are many clever conceits in it.

. . . Mr. Hamilton Marshall can tell a story closely and pleasantly."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LINKED AT LAST. By F. E. BUNNETT. 1 vol. Crown 8vo.

"'Linked at Last' contains so much of pretty description, natural incident, and delicate portraiture, that the reader who once takes it up will not be inclined to re-

linquish it without concluding the volume."—*Morning Post*.

"A very charming story."—*John Bull*.

PERPLEXITY. By SYDNEY MOSTYN. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

"Written with very considerable power . . . original . . . worked out with great cleverness and sustained interest."—*Standard*.

"Shows much lucidity—much power of portraiture."—*Examiner*.

"Forcibly and graphically told."—*Daily News*.

"Written with very considerable power,

the plot is original and . . . worked out with great cleverness and sustained interest."—*Standard*.

"Shows much lucidity, much power of portraiture, and no inconsiderable sense of humour."—*Examiner*.

"The literary workmanship is good, and the story forcibly and graphically told."—*Daily News*.

HER TITLE OF HONOUR. By HOLME LEE. Second Edition. 1 vol. Crown 8vo.

"With the interest of a pathetic story united the value of a definite and high purpose."—*Spectator*.

"A most exquisitely written story."—*Literary Churchman*.

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE. By the Countess VON BOTHMER. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

"*Jealousy is cruel as the Grave.*"

"An interesting, though somewhat tragic story."—*Athenæum*.

"An agreeable, unaffected, and eminently readable novel."—*Daily News*.

FICTION—continued.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. LÆTITIA BOOTHBY.

By WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL, Author of "The Book of Authors." Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"The book is clever and ingenious."—*Saturday Review*.

"One of the most delightful books I have read for a very long while. Very few works of truth or fiction are so thoroughly

entertaining from the first page to the last."—*Judy*.

"This is a very clever book, one of the best imitations of the productions of the last century that we have seen."—*Guardian*.

LITTLE HODGE. A Christmas Country Carol. By

EDWARD JENKINS, Author of "Ginx's Baby," &c. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 5s. A Cheap Edition in paper covers price One Shilling.

"We shall be mistaken if it does not obtain a very wide circle of readers."—*United Service Gazette*.

"Wise and humorous, but yet most pathetic."—*Nonconformist*.

"The pathos of some of the passages is extremely touching."—*Manchester Examiner*.

"One of the most seasonable of Christmas stories."—*Literary World*.

GINX'S BABY; HIS BIRTH AND OTHER

MISFORTUNES. By EDWARD JENKINS. Twenty-ninth Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 2s.

LORD BANTAM. By EDWARD JENKINS, Author

of "Ginx's Baby." Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 2s.

HERMANN AGHA: An Eastern Narrative. By

W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE, Author of "Travels in Central Arabia," &c. Second Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt. 18s.

"Reads like a tale of life, with all its incidents. The young will take to it for its love portions, the older for its descriptions, some in this day for its Arab philosophy."—*Athenæum*.

"The cardinal merit, however, of the story is, to our thinking, the exquisite sim-

plicity and purity of the love portion. There is a positive fragrance as of newly-mown hay about it, as compared with the artificially perfumed passions which are detailed to us with such gusto by our ordinary novel-writers in their endless volumes."—*Observer*.

SEPTIMIUS. A Romance. By NATHANIEL HAW-

THORNE. Author of "The Scarlet Letter," "Transformation," &c. Second Edition. 1 vol. Crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt. 9s.

A peculiar interest attaches to this work. It was the last thing the author wrote, and he may be said to have died as he finished it.

The *Athenæum* says that "the book is full of Hawthorne's most characteristic writing."

"One of the best examples of Haw-

thorne's writing; every page is impressed with his peculiar view of thought, conveyed in his own familiar way."—*Post*.

FICTION—continued.

PANDURANG HARI; Or, Memoirs of a Hindoo.

A Tale of Mahratta Life sixty years ago. With a Preface, by Sir H. BARTLE E. FRERE, G.C.S.I., &c. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

THE TASMANIAN LILY. By JAMES BONWICK,

Author of "Curious Facts of Old Colonial Days," &c. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Price 5s.

The Cornhill Library of Fiction.

3s. 6d. per Volume.

IT is intended in this Series to produce books of such merit that readers will care to preserve them on their shelves.

They are well printed on good paper, handsomely bound, with a Frontispiece, and are sold at the moderate price of 3s. 6d. each.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE. By Mrs. G. L. BANKS.

READY MONEY MORTI-BOY. A Matter-of-Fact Story.

ROBIN GRAY. By CHARLES GIBBON. With a Frontispiece by HENNESSY.

HIRELL. By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife."

KITTY. By Miss M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

ONE OF TWO. By J. HAIN FRISWELL, Author of "The Gentle Life," etc.

OTHER STANDARD NOVELS TO FOLLOW.

Forthcoming Novels.

CIVIL SERVICE. By J. T. LISTADO, Author of "Maurice Reynhart." 2 vols.

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. By Capt. ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, Author of "Peccavi; or, Geoffrey Singleton's Mistake." 2 vols.

VANESSA. By the Author of "THOMASINA," etc. 2 vols.

TWO GIRLS. By FREDK. WEDMORE, Author of "A Snapt Gold Ring." 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

A LITTLE WORLD. By GEO. MANVILLE FENN, Author of "The Sapphire Cross," "Mad," etc.

MIRANDA; a Midsummer Madness. By MORTIMER COLLINS.

TOO LATE. By Mrs. NEWMAN. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

HEATHERGATE. In 2 vols.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

Theological.

HYMNS AND VERSES, Original and Translated. By the Rev. HENRY DOWNTON. Small crown 8vo.

THE ETERNAL LIFE. Being Fourteen Sermons. By the Rev. JAS. NOBLE BENNIE, M.A. Crown 8vo. 6s.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IN THE EAST. By the Rev. RICHARD COLLINS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE REALM OF TRUTH. By Miss E. T. CARNE. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d.

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH AND HOME. By the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, Author of "Praying and Working."

Third Edition.

THE YOUNG LIFE EQUIPPING ITSELF FOR GOD'S SERVICE. Being Four Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1872. By the Rev. J. C. VAUGHAN, D.D., Master of the Temple. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

WORDS & WORKS IN A LONDON PARISH. Edited by the Rev. CHARLES ANDERSON, M.A. Demy 8vo. 6s.

LIFE: Conferences delivered at Toulouse. By the Rev. PÈRE LACORDAIRE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Fourth Edition.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., "Author of Music and Morals," etc. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

CATHOLICISM AND THE VATICAN. With a Narrative of the Old Catholic Congress at Munich. By J. LOWRY WHITTLE, A.M., Trin. Coll., Dublin. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"A valuable and philosophic contribution to the solution of one of the greatest questions of this stirring age."—*Church Times*.

"We cannot follow the author through his graphic and lucid sketch of the Catholic

movement in Germany and of the Munich Congress, at which he was present; but we may cordially recommend his book to all who wish to follow the course of the movement."—*Saturday Review*.

THEOLOGICAL—continued.

NAZARETH: ITS LIFE AND LESSONS. By the REV. G. S. DREW, Vicar of Trinity, Lambeth. Second Edition. In small 8vo, cloth. 5s.

"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

"A singularly reverent and beautiful book; the style in which it is written is not less chaste and attractive than its subject."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Perhaps one of the most remarkable books recently issued in the whole range of

English theology. . . . Original in design, calm and appreciative in language, noble and elevated in style, this book, we venture to think, will live."—*Churchman's Magazine*.

SCRIPTURE LANDS IN CONNECTION WITH

THEIR HISTORY. By G. S. DREW, M.A., Vicar of Trinity, Lambeth, Author of "Reasons of Faith." Second Edition. Bevelled boards, 8vo. Price 10s. 6d.

"Mr. Drew has invented a new method of illustrating Scripture history—from observation of the countries. Instead of narrating his travels, and referring from time to time to the facts of sacred history belonging to the different countries, he writes an outline history of the Hebrew nation from Abraham downwards, with special reference to the various points in which the geography illustrates the history. The advantages of this plan are obvious. Mr. Drew thus gives us not a mere imitation of 'Sinai and Palestine,' but

a view of the same subject from the other side. . . . He is very successful in picturing to his readers the scenes before his own mind. The position of Abraham in Palestine is portrayed, both socially and geographically, with great vigour. Mr. Drew has given an admirable account of the Hebrew sojourn in Egypt, and has done much to popularise the newly-acquired knowledge of Assyria in connection with the two Jewish Kingdoms."—*Saturday Review*.

MEMORIES OF VILLIERSTOWN. By C. J. S.

Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 5s.

SIX PRIVY COUNCIL JUDGMENTS—1850-1872.

Annotated by W. G. BROOKE, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo. 9s.

THE DIVINE KINGDOM ON EARTH AS

IT IS IN HEAVEN. By the Author of "Nazareth: its Life and Lessons." In demy 8vo, bound in cloth. Price 10s. 6d.

"Our Commonwealth is in Heaven."

"A high purpose and a devout spirit characterize this work. It is thoughtful and eloquent. . . . The most valuable and suggestive chapter is entitled 'Fulfillments in Life and Ministry of Christ,' which is full of original thinking admirably expressed."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"It is seldom that, in the course of our critical duties, we have to deal with a

volume of any size or pretension so entirely valuable and satisfactory as this. Published anonymously as it is, there is no living divine to whom the authorship would not be a credit. . . . Not the least of its merits is the perfect simplicity and clearness, conjoined with a certain massive beauty, of its style."—*Literary Churchman*.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

Life & Works of the Rev. Fred. W. Robertson.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Edited by STOPFORD BROOKE, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

In 2 vols., uniform with the Sermons. Price 7s. 6d.

Library Edition, in demy 8vo, with Two Steel Portraits. 12s.

A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. Price 6s.

SERMONS. FOUR SERIES.

4 vols. small crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. per vol.

EXPOSITORY LECTURES ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. Small crown 8vo. 5s.

AN ANALYSIS OF MR.

TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM." (Dedicated by permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

THE EDUCATION OF

THE HUMAN RACE. Translated from the German of GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

LECTURES & ADDRESSES

ON LITERARY AND SOCIAL TOPICS. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. [Preparing.]

A LECTURE ON FRED.

W. ROBERTSON, M.A. By the Rev. F. A. NOBLE, delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of Pittsburgh, U.S. 1s. 6d.

Sermons by the Rev. Stopford J. Brooke, M.A.,

Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE. Sermons Preached

in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"Nobly fearless and singularly strong. . . . carries our admiration throughout." — *British Quarterly Review*.

FREEDOM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Six Sermons suggested by the Voysey Judgment. Second Edition. In 1 vol. Crown 8vo, cloth. 3s. 6d.

"A very fair statement of the views in respect to freedom of thought held by the liberal party in the Church of England." — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

"Interesting and readable, and characterised by great clearness of thought, frankness of statement, and moderation of tone." — *Church Opinion*.

SERMONS Preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street,

London. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"No one who reads these sermons will wonder that Mr. Brooke is a great power in London, that his chapel is thronged, and his followers large and enthusiastic.

They are fiery, energetic, impetuous sermons, rich with the treasures of a cultivated imagination." — *Guardian*.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF FREDERICK

DENISON MAURICE: A Memorial Sermon. Crown 8vo, sewed. 1s.

65, Cornhill; & 12, Paternoster Row, London.

THE DAY OF REST.

Weekly, price ONE PENNY, and in MONTHLY PARTS, price SIXPENCE.

Among the leading Contributions to the First Year's Issue may be mentioned :—

WORDS FOR THE DAY. By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D., Master of the Temple.

LABOURS OF LOVE: Being further Accounts of what is being done by Dr. WICHERN and others. By the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, Author of "Praying and Working."

OCCASIONAL PAPERS. By the Rev. THOMAS BINNEY.

SUNDAYS IN MY LIFE. By the Author of "Episodes in an Obscure Life."

SONGS OF REST. By GEORGE MACDONALD.

TO ROME AND BACK: A Narrative of Personal Experience. By One who has made the Journey.

. The late Dr. Norman Macleod, during the last few months of his life, frequently urged the preparation of a series of Popular Papers, by a thoroughly competent person, on the Church of Rome as it really is today. "To Rome and Back" is the result of his suggestion.

THE BATTLE OF THE POOR: Sketches from Courts and Alleys. By HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," and "Little Meg's Children."

Illustrated by the best Artists.

Price **ONE PENNY Weekly.** **MONTHLY PARTS,** Price Sixpence.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THEOLOGICAL, LITERARY, AND SOCIAL.

Price Half-a-Crown Monthly.

THE SAINT PAULS MAGAZINE.

LIGHT AND CHOICE.

Price One Shilling Monthly.

GOOD THINGS for the YOUNG of ALL AGES.

EDITED BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

And Illustrated by the best Artists.

Price Sixpence Monthly.

